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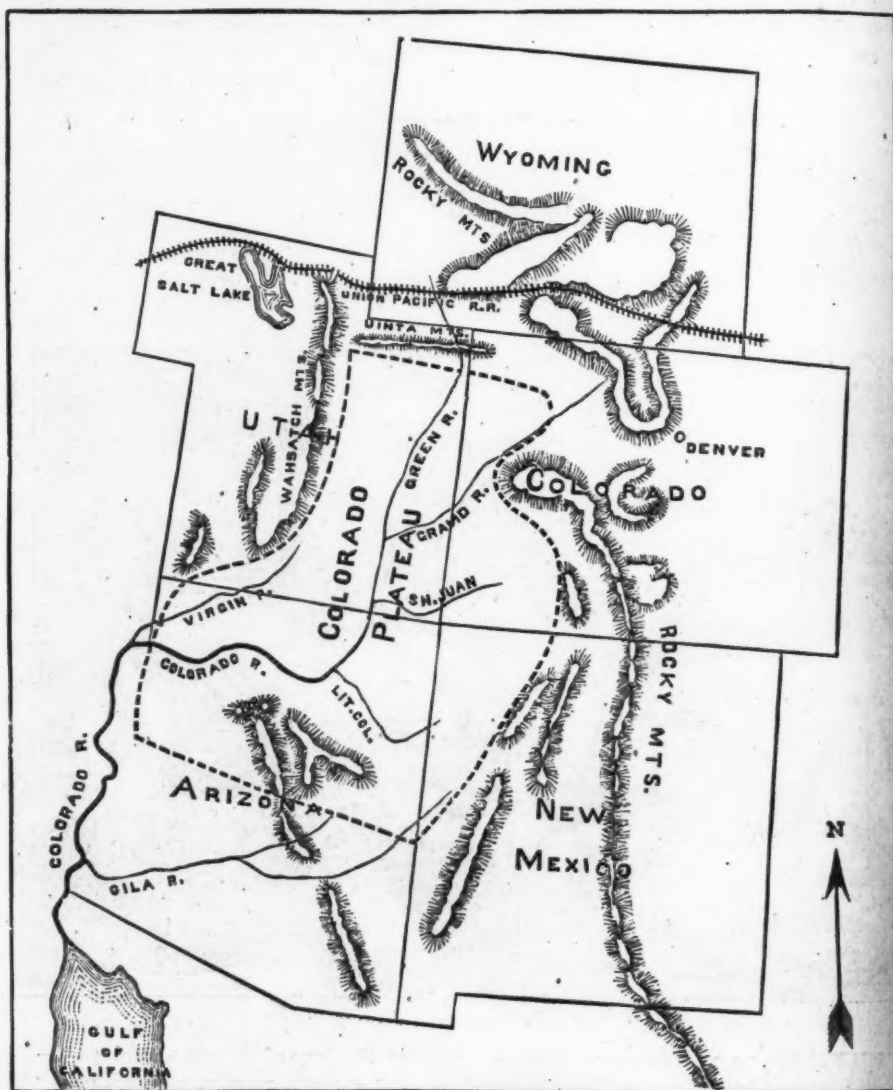
THE COLORADO PLATEAU.



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

WHILE we wonder-loving Americans are poring over every written word pertaining to the attempts to explore the North Pole, or accounts of the efforts to reach the heart of Africa, right here, within a few days' journey from our very threshold, lies a vast tract of land comparatively unknown; a region more grand, more marvelous, more mysterious than worlds of ice or continents of sand. While we are thrilled with interest in the treasures unearthed at Myconna, valued chiefly as being so many keys with which to

unlock the story of the past,—*man's* past,—here, in our own country, unlocked not by a Dr. Schliemann, but by the most tremendous forces of nature, lie exposed to view pages upon pages of that past written alone by the mighty hand of God. Hitherto only a few brave, enthusiastic lovers of science or adventure have sought to penetrate this almost impenetrable portion of our land. The Colorado Basin, which, on account of its general elevation, is called the Colorado Plateau, is that part of the Great West



drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. The whole area is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred miles in breadth, containing about three hundred thousand square miles. The Rocky Mountain Range, "the Switzerland of America," forms the eastern boundary of the plateau; the Basin Range System, the western. It stretches

northward to the Uinta Mountains, and southward to the region of the Gila River. Of the political divisions, it includes South-eastern Utah, North-eastern Arizona, South-western Colorado, and North-western New Mexico.

With the scenery along the iron trail of the Union Pacific Railroad, we are now more or less familiar; but the region south

of this line of travel is strikingly different in topographic features, which are, in many respects, unique, some not being reproduced, except to a very limited extent, on any other

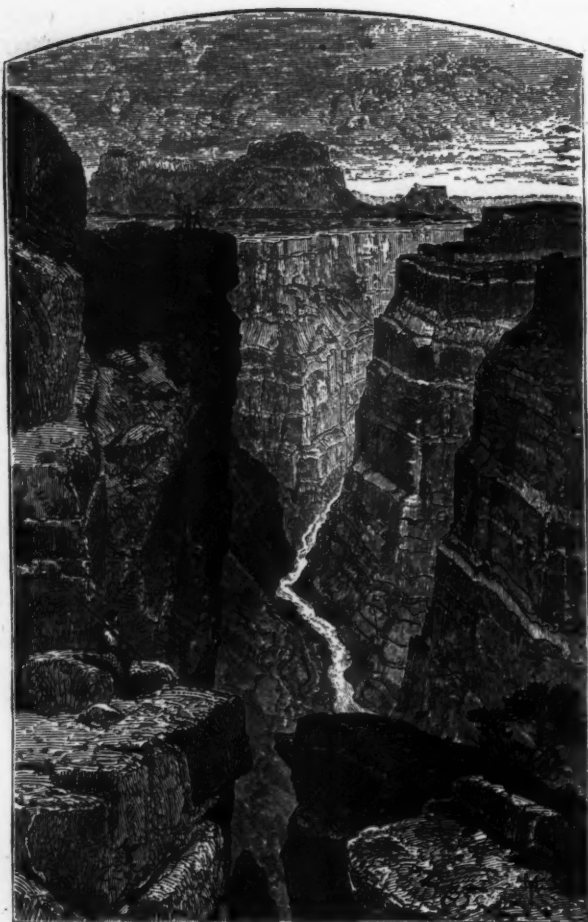
islands from a rocky sea; "defiant peaks, where eternal snows and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature." The most interesting element of the strange scene



THE GRAND CAÑON, LOOKING WEST FROM TO-RO-WRAP.

portion of the globe. Could one be elevated to a sufficient height above the plateau, he would see beneath him a great plain, bounded on every side by mountain ranges; here and there isolated mountain masses, rising like

now claims the attention. A land of cañons! The profound chasm of the Colorado River scores with tortuous and diagonal course throughout the entire length of the greatest diameter of the plateau. At the bottom of



THE GRAND CAÑON, LOOKING EAST FROM TO-HO-WEAP.

this Grand Cañon, from three thousand to six thousand feet below the general level of the plain, the river wanders, lashing its confines of precipitous rock for hundreds of miles. More than this: not only has the Colorado cut for itself a cañon, but every river entering has cut a cañon; every lateral creek has cut a cañon; every brook runs in a cañon; every rill born of a passing shower has cut a cañon. So that the whole tableland is traversed and meshed by a labyrinth of these deep gorges. The wonderful elaboration and diversity with which this work has been done is only equaled by the vast scale on which the plan was laid. The ex-

tent and the complexity of the system of cañons is simply wonderful. Some portions of the plateau are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Belts of country, miles in width, have been swept away, leaving only isolated mountains standing in the gap; fissures so profound that the eye can not penetrate their depths are separated by walls whose thickness can almost be spanned; and slender spires shoot up a thousand feet from vaults below.

After the cañons, the next feature characteristic of the country is the long cliffs of erosion, called mesa-walls. These are bold escarpments, often hundreds or thousands of feet in altitude; great geographical steps, scores or hundreds of miles in length. These mesa-walls, running east and west, facing south, mark the limits of successive strata. The plateau is further subdivided by longitudinal cliffs, produced by "faults," or the dropping down or lifting up of a continuous line of an otherwise unbroken stratum. It is obvious that the displacement would, in either case, form a cliff or long step.

The region is further diversified by short ranges of eruptive mountains. There are many centers of volcanic action, from which floods of lava have poured, covering mesas and table-lands with sheets of black basalt. The expiring energies of these volcanic agencies have piled up huge cinder-cones, that stand along the fissures, red, brown, and black, and naked of vegetation, and conspicuous landmarks, set as they are in

contrast to the bright, variegated rocks of sedimentary origin. The surface, stretching drearily between the elevated points in the picture, is arid and desert-like,—barren wastes of rock and sand, nowhere continuous forests or protecting mantles of grass; only here and there dwarfed pines and cedars, or scattered sagebush of dusky hue, and threads of green along the streams.

This bird's-eye view inspires a sense of greatest desolation. But there is a certain grandeur about the scene; it is so fearlessly pronounced and savagely peaceful in its desolation, so "sullenly sublime" in its barren heights and depths, that one would exclaim, with a recent traveler in a desert waste: "What divine affluence, what magnificent abandonment is here! How rich must nature be to afford to throw away so much!" Perhaps no portion of the earth's surface is so irremediably sterile, none more helplessly lost to human occupation. Although there is an awful sort of enchantment to this distant view, it is increased on coming nearer; then only will some of the mountains don their "purple hue." Around the margin of the plateau, at the immediate bases of the mountains, the traveler will behold many scenes of beauty and fertility, strikingly in contrast with the aspect of the country nearer the river. Here are unlimited districts deserving our highest encomiums,—



PA-U-SU'-WEAP CAÑON.

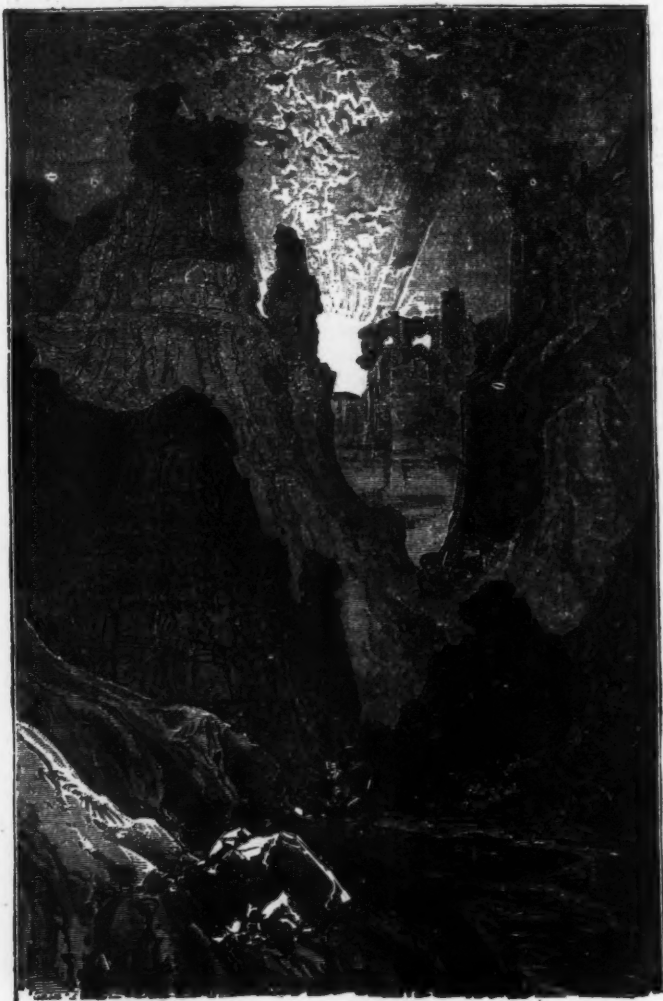
regions of green and flowery mountain valleys, of clear and copious streams, magnificent forests. Here the atmosphere is of

unrivalled purity, and the climate delightfully tempered. It is curious to mark the gradations by which the foliage of the valleys disappears as the mountain sides are ascended. The aspen, trembling with some unspoken terror, gives out first; the sturdy pine keeps on, undaunted by colder airs and a rocky footing; for a while, but at last "cowers toward the earth, becomes cramped and distorted," lags behind, and falls out of the march. "Timber-line" is now passed, and there remain only a few scant grasses, brave

little flowers, and small lichen-like plants, which keep along almost to the summit. "*Hæc fabula docet*"—something! At this point one is reminded to how great an extent the language of a people is influenced by the scenery to which they are accustomed. In this land of many mountains a man with a bald head is described as having his head above "timber-line."

The mineral treasures, of which the sedimentary rocks of the plateau furnish almost none, are here found; and here will be con-

gregated the mining population, whose business it will be through future ages to extract the wealth with which many of these mountain ranges are stored. Then what a turning and twisting these peaceful little streams will get! Somebody, describing gulch-mining, says: "It is impossible to give one who has seen nothing of the kind an idea of the fearful transformation which this process works in a clear, beautiful mountain stream; of the violence, cruelty, and remorselessness with which the greedy miner heads it off, backs it up, commits highway robbery upon it,—'your gold or your life!'—how he tortures and ruffles it, and roils it, by panning, sluicing, and shaft-sinking,—till its own pure mother-fountain, up



MU-KOON-TU-WEAP CAÑON.



WINNIE'S GROTTO (A SIDE CANYON), WALLS 2,000 FEET HIGH.

among the eternal snows, would n't know her much-abused daughter."

A mere pleasure-seeking tourist would be content to rest awhile in these charming nooks breathing the marvelous air, which seems pulsing with an influx of new life, fearing no sting or hint of dampness from the balmy evening breezes; or perhaps basking in the excess of sunshine, which is so remarkable here, preferring to *look* magnificent distances than to plod with weary feet, or to jolt and jerk on the back of a weary mule, over them in search of new wonders. "Let well enough alone," he yawns, settling back in the grass for an hour's refreshing nap. Not so the geologist. To him his possessed knowledge is never well enough. To him this vast stretch of plateau land, the simplicity of its structure, the thoroughness of its drainage, which rarely permits detritus to accumulate in its valleys, its barrenness, and the wonderful natural sections exposed in its cañons, conspire to render it a very paradise! Then he can examine in visible contact the strata of nearly the entire geological series for hundreds of miles. Stay and laze? Not he. So, with the enthusiasm of a boy starting out to fly his first kite on the green, this curious species of the human family—this geologist—sets out on a toilsome and perilous journey of months. When his feet sink at every step in the soft bed of disintegrated marls, as in a bed of ashes, he is repaid by their rich and variegated coloring. In other places the rocks are a loose sandstone, the disintegration of which has left broad stretches of drifting sand, which gleam in the sunshine, white, golden, and vermilion. When this sandstone passes into a conglomerate, a paving of pebbles has been left, a mosaic of many colors, polished and curiously etched by the drifting sand. The limestones are carved with a net-work of vermicular grooves into the most beautiful and intricate arabesque designs. And right here, foot-sore and weary, perhaps with lips cracked and bleeding from the arid heat of the plain,



CLIMBING THE GRAND CAÑON.

the man of science will stand and reason it all out on this wise: "In humid regions the traces of sand action are seldom seen; partly because dry, volatile sands are of rare occurrence. But in arid climates, where the power of frost is greatly lessened, and vegetation does not suffice to protect the soil from the winds, sand and dust are in almost continual motion, and the cumulative effect of this incessant impact is very considerable. In passes and in contracting valleys, where the wind is focused, and its velocity augmented, the most conspicuous results will, of course, be seen; but no little work is accomplished on broad plains, where its normal force only is felt."

As the traveler approaches the broad valleys farther on, he is surprised and puzzled as the most grotesque and weird rock masses loom into view; shapes resembling monuments of Titanic art,—sometimes assuming immense proportions, like Cyclopean structures, then lighter forms, like half-ruined Gothic cathedrals. These are *buttes*, huge outliers of stratified rock of the most varied and curious shapes, often three, four, and five hundred feet in altitude. Here are lofty pinnacles, seeming to totter on slender bases; designs having regular outlines, thin sides, vertical walls, broken by deep re-entering angles; massive dome-like, and conical mounds. If

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,"

what shall be said of the Architect of these mighty structures?

"It seems as though a thousand battles had been fought on the plains, on which each giant-hero had reared a monument, compared with which Bunker Hill is but a mile-stone." Nor do these strange forms depend alone upon their proportions to excite an awful admiration. The artist gods must have seized the rainbow tints from the sky, and imbedded them in these rocky prisons, with a demoniac scorn that a sign of promise



NOONDAY REST IN MARBLE CAÑON.

• should span this stretch of horrible desolation. The buttes, composed of gypsiferous strata, are of many hues, from light gray to slate, then pink, purple, and brown. The morning sun shines in splendor on the

painted faces of orange and vermillion sandstone masses, the salient angles on fire, the re-entering angles buried in warm shadows.

At a distance, cliff escarpments of this sandstone appear as long banks of purple

clouds piled high into the heavens. The cause of this scenic element is undeniably the result of erosion; indeed, the whole of the Colorado plateau is justly regarded as the most magnificent example on the face of the earth of how much the land may have its features altered by the agency of running water.

Geologists have demonstrated that the entire basin was once covered by a continuous sheet of soft middle and upper cretaceous shales, of which scattered mounds and millions of loose fossils remain, the surfaces between being firm lower cretaceous sandstone, or still older rocks. There is no doubt that, previous to the erosion of the gorges, the tableland was buried under two thousand feet of soft strata, all of which has been carried away except these fragmentary relics, which, being of a harder composition than that surrounding, or of volcanic formation, have obstinately resisted denudation. The climatic conditions are such that the rocks are swept down as fast as disintegrated, which gives the harder rock an unusual advantage in withstanding erosion; and cliffs, isolated buttes, are the natural result. The scenery of this description is very similar to that in the noted "Garden of the Gods," near Denver.

It must be borne in mind that the numerous tributaries of the Colorado have subdivided the entire plateau into hundreds of table-lands; and the traveler, if he be taking an overland journey westward from the Rocky Mountains, with the Grand Cañon as his goal, will not find the best of roads for himself or his patient pack-mule. The close of a long day of such journeying is hailed with supreme joy. The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle, going from peak to peak, from valley to valley, and across table-lands of soft marls, is, perhaps, in the end, good for the general constitution, but toward sunset the only end worth living for is the end of the day. The hungering for repose is evident in the serious mien and silent lips of the men. The pack-train does not come to its camping ground, therefore, with the hilarity, the flux of spirits, with which it set off in the morning. If the march has been a serious one,

thirty miles, say, the mules are jaded, the horses catch at an occasional green shrub for a bit of provender. The first anxiety is water; in fact, the end of a day's toil is solely determined by the desired arrival at a brook or water-pocket. Not long ago it was my great privilege to be admitted into the study of Mr. Edwin E. Howell, a regular geologist's den! Beside donning genuine Indian blankets, and striding around with as fierce and savage a look as an unusually good-natured *tame* American could possibly assume, he kindly related some personal anecdotes connected with explorations in the West. A division of the party under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, to which Mr. Howell was attached, was endeavoring to reach the defile of the Colorado River, which was, at the beginning of a day's march, not many miles distant, as was supposed. Filling their canteens from the water of the gorge where they had camped, the five men set out, hoping to drink of the Colorado that night! It soon became evident that the distance was deceiving; gaining eminence after eminence, the Grand Cañon seemed as far away as at first, and no promise of water in all the weary stretch. A consultation was held. It was agreed that the defile left in the morning was their last chance of water, and that lay sixteen miles behind them, and the Colorado many more ahead. Mr. Howell and another irrepressible, determined to push on, if it took all Summer, while the others turned back to "the last chance," as they expressed it. And to this day that cañon is known and named on the maps as "Last Chance Cañon," formed by a junction of the Grand and Green. The Grand River has its source in the Rocky Mountains. The Green River rises in the Wind River Mountains. Both have sources in alpine lakes, fed by melting snows. Thousands of these picturesque lakes, with deep, cool, emerald waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. These streams, born in the gloomy solitudes of the mountain regions, have a strange, eventful history as they pass down through gorges, tumbling in cascades and cataracts, until they reach the hot, arid

plains of the Lower Colorado, where the waters, that were so clear above, empty as turbid floods into the Gulf of California. Including the Green River, which is really the upper continuation of the Colorado, the whole length of the stream is about two thousand miles. The plateau is divided into two distinct portions. The lower third is but a little above the level of the sea, though here and there ranges of mountains rise to an altitude of from two to six thousand feet. The upper two-thirds lies from four to eight thousand feet above the sea. This high region, on the north, east, and west, is set with ranges of snow-clad mountains, attaining an altitude varying from eight to fourteen thousand feet. All Winter long, on its mountain-crested rim, snow falls, filling the gorges, half burying the forests, and covering the crags and peaks with a mantle "woven by the wind from the waves of the sea." When Summer comes, this snow melts, and tumbles down the mountain sides in millions of cascades. Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form one hundred rivers, beset with cataracts; one hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado! If the explorer has plodded over rocks and sand, through sage-bush, over mountains, across gorges, all to see the wonderful bed of these many waters, he comes to the very brink of the abyss al-

most unawares. He finds himself standing on the edge of a fissure awful beyond his wildest dreams. He starts back amazed; a second time he draws near, but now cau-



PA'-RI-ATS, A COLORADO INDIAN.

tiously, crawling on hands and knees, till his staring eyes peep over—down—down—more than a mile into the earth! He is seized with the common insane impulse to take one wild leap,—hurling his littleness into nature's immensity. He dislodges a huge stone and pushes it over, watching it roll, strike, bound, split, splinter, yet shooting down till it seems to be annihilated in the illimitable depth; he concludes he won't follow,—just yet,—you know.

One of the most interesting reports of explorations in this region is that of Major J.



ISLAND MONUMENT IN GLEN CAÑON.

W. Powell. His expedition in 1869 set out to explore the Grand Cañon. With four row-boats, built in Chicago, stored with rations deemed sufficient for ten months, an abundant supply of clothing, ammunition, axes, saws, etc., for repairing the boats, and a quantity of scientific instruments, they started from Green River City,—the point at which the Union Pacific Railroad crosses the Green River. The adventures, narrow escapes, and hardships of the months following are as exciting as Jules Verne or Defoe. These four stanch boats floated, shot, whirled, and plunged down waters where never boat

had dared to live before. On they went, carried down the rapid current; now running on to a sand-bar, when it was necessary for the men to scramble out into the stream; relieved of their mortal ballast, the boats floated over; all aboard again, and on to new haps and mishaps.

Trying to avoid rocks, oars are broken, lost; the boat sent reeling and plunging into whirlpools. Sometimes glimpses of purple peaks remote delight the eye, and again all view is cut off by a sharp turn in the course of the stream. Sometimes the defile is not more than twenty feet wide, then broadens into a low valley, with wide sandy banks on which may be cottonwood groves. Such a place is sought for the night's camp. After a cup of hot coffee, a few of the party usually climbed the cliffs, to take an evening stroll on the strangely carved rocks of the Green River "bad-lands." These are areas of sandstone and shales, gray and buff, red and brown, blue and black strata in many alternations, lying nearly horizontal, and almost without soil or vegetation. Being exceedingly friable, the rain-drops of ages past have carved them into quaint shapes. Away to the south, the Uinta Mountains stretch in a long line; high peaks reach into the sky; and, lying between, snow-fields like lakes of silver, edged with pine forests in somber green; and over all flushed clouds play at a slow and majestic game.

At the foot of the Uinta Mountains the river runs to the south, while the mountains have an easterly and westerly trend directly athwart its course; yet it glides quietly in an unconcerned way, as if it considered a mountain range no sort of obstruction to its progress. It enters the range by a brilliant red gorge, that may be seen a score of miles away to the north. The great mass of mountain ridge through which this gorge is cut is composed of bright vermilion rocks, surmounted by a broad band of mottled buff and gray, which come down in a gentle curve to the water's edge at some points. This is the first cañon to be explored,—the introductory chapter, in illuminated text,—

and Flaming Gorge is its name. It is entered with some trepidation. The nomadic Indians loafing about warn them, saying, "Water heap catch 'em!" On the whole the explorers prefer this dire catastrophe to an ignominious return. Pushing off, they are swept with exhilarating velocity down the rapid current, which fills the channel from cliff to cliff. Abruptly turning in its course, the water plunges down among great rocks, the first of many and many cañon rapids. The moments are filled with intense anxiety; but a skillful stroke of the oars, now on this side, now on that, serves to guide the boats past the wave-beaten rocks. Mounting on high waves, the foaming crests dash over them, to the peril of their barks, and, plunging into the troughs, they reach the calm water below. Drawing a breath of relief, they decide it was great fun, and proceed to admire and wonder. On either side the walls rapidly increase in altitude. On the left are overhanging ledges and cliffs five hundred, a thousand, fifteen hundred feet high. The river is now broad, deep, and quiet, and its waters mirror the towering rocks and the bit of sky away above; indeed, the whole grand scene is repeated. The solitude is oppressive. These few human beings seem suspended between two fearful gaps; a dozen kingfishers playing over the stream bring their dreamy thoughts back to a world of reality, and on they go. Farther down, the river rounds a point that has been worn to the shape of a huge dome; on its sides little



AN INDIAN FAMILY.

cells have been carved by the action of the waters, and, in these, hundreds of swallows have found safe homes. As they flit about the perforated cliff, they look to the explorers below like swarms of bees, giving the dome the appearance of a colossal bee-hive of the old-time form; hence the name of this section,—Bee-hive Point.

Boating down the Colorado is never monotonous. When the water is calmest, then is the time for the greatest caution. All hands are on the alert. A thundering roar is heard in the distance. Slowly approaching, the boats are tied on the very brink of a fall, the cargo taken out, to be carried around by the men, and then the boats let down by ropes. Not infrequently several portages like this were made in the course of one day. Every time a camp was made,

some of the party climbed the walls, to gain an idea of their general progress, and also to get a peep at a more familiar world. Some of the feats performed in scaling dangerous heights were marvelous, and hardly excelled by Chinese acrobats. Occasionally, one more zealous than the rest would find himself on a projecting ledge,—progress impossible, retreat there was none. His comrades were—oh, where? Below him, should he move an inch, certain death. Was this the end,—the beginning of the endless? But what to his wondering eyes should appear but the leg of a pair of pantaloons, dangling in a friendly manner over the edge of an overhanging crag, held by an unseen hand,—the hand of Providence to him, and it was. Seizing his only hope firmly, he is slowly drawn up to a safe footing, where he alternately blesses his pantless comrade and the machine that could do such stout stitching in such strong cloth.

The perils of the ascent are forgotten on reaching the table-land above. In this instance a pine grove lay spread before them, its grassy carpet bedecked with crimson flowers, set in groups on the stems of pear-shaped cactus plants; little blue-eyed flowers are peeping through; the air is filled with the fragrance from the white blossoms of the *spirea*; and a mountain brook runs through the midst, ponded below by beaver-dams. Between the cañon and the foot of the peaks of the Uinta Mountain range, through which the river still flows, there is a high bench. A number of streams have their sources in the snow-banks to the south, and run north across this bench into the cañon, tumbling down from three thousand to five thousand feet in a distance of about six miles. Along their upper courses they run through grassy valleys; but, as they approach the Colorado, they rapidly disappear under the general surface of the country, emerging into the cañon below in deep, dark gorges of their own. Each of these short, lateral cañons is marked by a succession of cascades, and a wild confusion of rocks and trees and thick undergrowth. The little valleys are beautiful "parks," as wooded tracts surrounded by high land are called.

Between these are stately pine forests, half-hiding ledges of red sandstone.

Mule-deer and elk abound; grizzly bears, wild-cats, wolverines, and mountain lions are here at home; and a noise from the shadows of the trees, or a scrambling through the bushes, causes the geologist to forget his hammer, but to become tenderly solicitous as to the welfare of his rifle. The forest isles are filled with the music of birds; ledges of moss-covered rocks are seen. Does all this sound like rhapsody? Then here is a verbatim quotation from the pen of a real geologist, who recognizes a bit of rock as belonging to the Azoic, Silurian, or Devonian Age, as readily as a woman names a piece of lace:

"The cañon-walls are buttressed on a grand scale, with deep alcoves intervening; columned crags crown the cliffs, and the river is rolling below. The sun shines in splendor on vermilion walls, shaded into green and gray where rocks are lichenized over; the river fills the channel from wall to wall, and the cañon opens like a beautiful portal to a region of glory. This evening, as I write, the sun is going down, and the shadows are settling in the cañon. The vermilion gleams and rosy hues, blending with the green and gray tints, are slowly changing to somber brown above, and black shadows are creeping over them below; and now it is a dark portal to a region of gloom, the gate-way through which we are to enter on our voyage of exploration to-morrow."

There! Imagine camping for the night in such a place. Where a bench of sand stretches between the water's edge and the perpendicular walls, the boats are drawn up, a little fire is made of such driftwood as can be found, and the weary men sit in the flickering light, drinking hot coffee and telling stories of adventure. The fire dies down to a handful of glowing coals, the men wrap themselves up in their blankets, and, without more ado, are "in bed." The sound of the rushing water soon soothes the most weary to sleep; but the more imaginative lie awake, looking up thousands of feet at the narrow strip of sky between the ragged edges of the defile,—a mere tracing of deep blue, with

parts of constellations peeping down upon them. Presently a bright star trembles on the verge of the cliff. Slowly it seems to float from its resting-place on a rock; will it drop? In fact, it does seem to descend in a gentle curve, as though the sky-curtain in which the stars are set was spread across the cañon, resting on either side, and swaying down by its own weight.

The weeks following were full of adventure and wonderful diversity of scenery: plunging madly through rapids, swept spinning into eddies, in the confusion losing oars, and in consequence stopping off a day to make new ones; and, for the sake of greater variety in the programme, boats capsize completely, while the occupants, in an uncomfortably moist condition, cling to the sides, and are dashed and hurled against the rocks besetting the channel. Adding an element of real discomfort, boats are irreclaimably lost or disabled; damp and moldy flour, dried-apples, which have received supernumerary washings in the Colorado, and other like delicacies, suffice for the inner man. O, life on the ocean wave does not monopolize quite all the delights of travel! Yet,

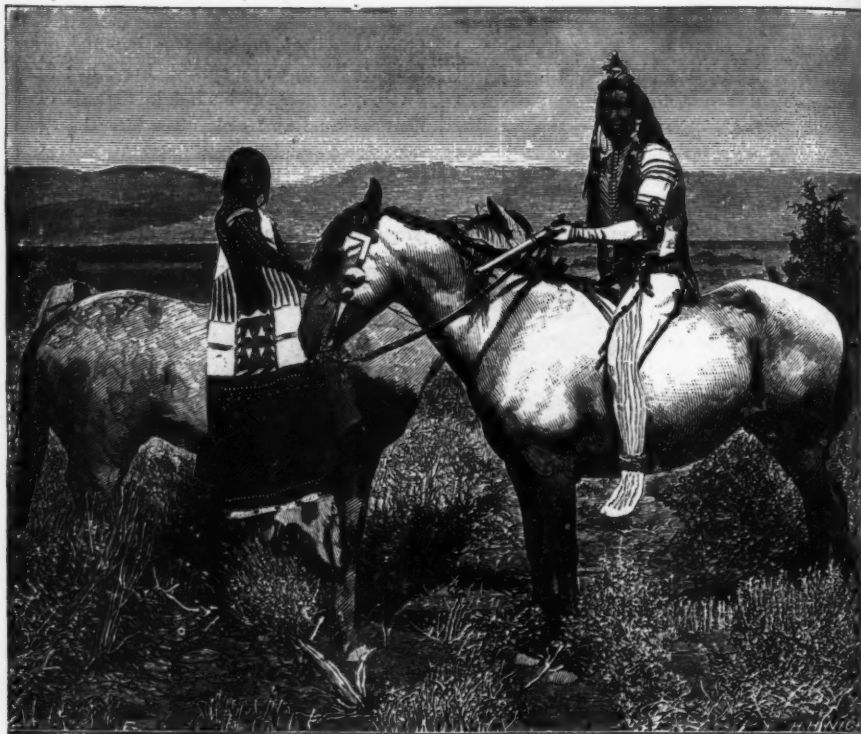
through it all, these scientists, students, and amateurs maintained the degree of interest and enthusiasm with which they left the East; nor were they ever lost to a sense of the grandeur through which they were passing, perhaps with soaked clothes outside and a gnawing hunger inside. In the Cañon of Lodore a peak was climbed, and found to be two thousand seven hundred feet above the

river. On the east side of the cañon a vast amphitheater has been cut, with massive buttresses and deep, dark alcoves, in which grow delicate ferns, while springs burst out from further recesses, and wind in threads over floors of sand and rock. The lateral cañons sometimes equal in scenic effects the Grand Cañon. At one place a little brook comes down from the distant mountains in a deep gorge. This some of the party explored.



INDIAN MESSENGER.

Clambering up, a point is reached a thousand feet above the river, and six hundred above the brook. Just there the cañon divides, a little stream coming down from the left, another from the right. They can look away up either of these gorges, through an ascending vista, to cliffs and crags and towers, a mile back, and two thousand feet above them. To the right, a dozen gleaming cas-



AN INDIAN WARRIOR AND HIS BRIDE.

cares are seen. Pines and firs stand on the rocks, and aspens overhang the brooks. The rocks below are red and brown, set in deep shadow, while above buff and vermillion strata stand in the sunshine. During this tour of inspection a whirlwind sweeps down the Grand Cañon, scattering the embers of the camp-fire among the dead willows and cedar sprays, and there is a conflagration! Fire-engines failing to put in an appearance, the men who had remained in camp rushed to the boats, leaving all they could not readily seize at the moment, and escaped with burned clothes and singed hair. For sixty-five miles the river runs through Marble Cañon. The limestone walls, which are from two thousand to four thousand five hundred feet in altitude, are often polished to a high degree, and are of many colors,—white, gray, pink, and purple, with saffron tints. At one point there is a flood-plain like a marble

pavement, polished and fretted in strange devices, and embossed in a thousand fantastic patterns. Along this are occasional basins of clear water, in marked contrast to the red mud of the river. Although this cañon is cut chiefly through limestone, the adjacent country is of red sandstone. The waters that fall during a rain-storm are gathered at once into the river. As soon as the drops reach the bare rocks of the land above, they run in little rills down the walls of the cañon; they increase in size until great streams are formed; these, loaded with sand, tumble over the cliffs in innumerable cascades, adding their wild music to the roar of the river. The suddenness with which a flood of water comes pouring over the walls or down a side cañon is almost incredible. Sometimes, when a storm comes on, the explorers, threading the river below, were obliged to make the utmost haste, in

order to escape a copious and a dangerous drenching from one of these cascades, which comes plunging down unannounced by even a drop of a forerunner. All the beautiful polish of the limestone has been accomplished by these agencies.

Passing out of Marble Cañon, the river enters Grand Cañon proper. Here the sandstone disappears, and the walls are of granite. The scenery is of a different character, owing to the hardness of the rock. The channel is narrower, the walls set on either side with pinnacles and crags; sharp, angular buttresses, bristling with polished spires, extend far out into the river; island ledges and island towers break the swift course of the stream into chutes and whirlpools! Dashing over great boulders, leaping down cascades, the river at last flows between walls more than a mile high,—a vertical distance difficult to appreciate. Major Powell, speaking of this, says: "Stand on the south steps of the treasury building, in Washington, and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that altitude, and you will understand what it means; or stand on Canal Street, in New York, and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you will have about the distance; or stand on Lake Street Bridge in Chicago, look down to the Central Depot, and you have it again."

A thousand feet of this is up through granite crags, then steep slopes and perpendicular cliffs, one above another, to the summit. Below, the gorge is black and narrow, but red and gray and flaring above. Rushing between walls of black slate, more granite, and into limestone again, past beautiful alcoves filled with delicate foliage, the river is at length beset with monuments of lava; low rocks mostly, but some of them

more than a hundred feet high. Onward, three or four miles, these increase in number. Great masses of cooled lava and many cinder-cones are seen on either side. An extinct volcano, with a well-defined crater, stands on the very brink of the cañon. From this floods of lava have been sent into the river below, and streams of molten rock have run for miles up and down the channel. One side of the wall, as far as eye can see, is lined with black basalt, and high up on the opposite side are patches of the same material resting on the ledges. What a conflict there must have been! A river of melted rock pouring into a river of melted snow!

Having endeavored to gain some idea of the topographical features of this cañon system, the diversity of the scenery, the vicissitudes of an exploring tour, we are led to ask, Why is this portion of the Pacific Slope so different from the land of the East?



INDIAN WOMAN GATHERING SEEDS FOR FOOD.



INDIAN LODGE IN THE UINTA VALLEY.

what is the history that has been read from these cañon inscriptions?

In the latter part of Mesozoic time the greater part of the basin province, lying west of the plateau as it is now, was a continent, and the plateau province was an open but shallow sea. During this time the crust of the earth was greatly broken and distorted. The plateau was cut off from the Pacific salt-water, and great bodies of fresh water accumulated here above the general level of the basin province itself; so that while the basin was once drained into the plateau, a fact demonstrated by the character of the deposits in the plateau, in late Tertiary time the drainage was reversed.

As the plateau was longer and later submerged than adjacent regions, it was in part exempted from the action of forces which threw up great areas and ridges along its borders. Hence, here was a vast tract of

exposed sea-floor, covered with sedimentary rock, surrounded by mountain ridges. The mountains were not thrust up as peaks, but great blocks were slowly lifted, as stated; about these the clouds gathered, hurled their storms against them, beat the rocks into sand, which, carried by the streams on their way to lower land, dug out gulches and valleys, leaving mountain peaks. So the clouds made the Rocky Mountains!

On the heights snow fell, melted, and ran down, a mighty volume,—the Colorado. From its thousand sources to the ocean this river has no reservoir to accumulate its sediment, and all that its upper waters detach is carried along by the current. The material is reduced to the form of fine sand and mud. At no season of the year is the water free from the red color of this detritus, whence the name "Colorado." The sand and mud, together with that produced by the con-

stant wear of the rocks, was, and is, the chief tool by which the water accomplished the deep and still increasing erosion of the cañons. Hurried on by the swift current, it gnaws away whatever it touches. Nothing can resist the perpetual impact of these fine siliceous particles. The marvelous cañon of the Colorado itself, together with the innumerable deep cañons of its tributaries, such as the Virgin, Kanab, Escalante, Dirty Devil, Grand, Yampa, San Juan, and many more, are the wonderful results of this erosion. The most rapid cutting is doubtless done by the coarse sand carried by freshets, while the fine mud, borne by quieter water, produces the perfect polish that every-where prevails.

In a country well-supplied with rains, so that there is an abundance of vegetation, the water slowly penetrates the loose soil, and gradually disintegrates the underlying solid rock. If storms were falling on these arid plains, the channel of the river would be cut but little faster than the adjacent country would be washed away, and the general level would be preserved; but, under the existing aridity of the climate, the river deepens its bed till it rushes at the tremendous depths recorded. After the erosion began, the features of the whole region were

greatly diversified by displacement and the volcanic activity which poured floods of lava here and there over the entire area. These volcanic disturbances continued at intervals throughout the Cenozoic time. Indeed, it is the opinion of Dr. Newberry that the latest eruptions of some of the cinder-cones can hardly have taken place more than a hundred years ago. This region is pre-eminently fitted for a school in which to study mountain history; and the cañons have cut down to the very first letter of the geological alphabet. In the plateau, Cenozoic and Mesozoic rocks prevail, though carboniferous beds are exposed over large surfaces, and, in a few places, erosion has revealed still older Paleozoic and Eozoic formations. This is the strange story the patient geologist has read on this mighty scroll—the story of change—endless mutation. First—we dare not say *first*, but a little while ago a sea—internal force drives back the waters with awful power; the plateau is left high and dry; into the clouds the mountains slowly rear their majestic forms; down fall the tiny rain-drops, and down go the mountains, grain by grain, into the sea again. What next? And what about the “everlasting hills?”

“The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands.”

SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away—these sweet swift
years,

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle-down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass,

Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love.
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
wine,
But never an angry word!

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.



THE NEW HALL.

THE Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its first session after its organization (October, 1835), initiated measures for establishing within its bounds, and under its patronage and control, an institution of learning of collegiate grade. An act of incorporation was granted by the Legislature of the State of Indiana, bearing date January 10, 1837, the preamble to which recounts that "the Indiana Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church have determined upon establishing an extensive University, or College Institution, in this State, to the support of which they are pledged to use their united support; and which University is forever to be conducted on the most liberal principles [to be], accessible to all religious denominations, and designed for the benefit of our citizens in general."

The town of Greencastle, the seat of justice of Putnam County, was selected as the most eligible place for its location. It is

situated midway between Indianapolis and Terre Haute, on the great thoroughfare from the East to the Mississippi, at St. Louis. This was before the days of railroads, but since then three roads have been constructed through the town,—the Indianapolis, Vandalia, and St. Louis; the Indianapolis and St. Louis; and the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago,—which, together, make the place easily accessible from every direction. But when the enterprise had been both projected and located, the question whether it could be set in motion and properly sustained became a subject of very lively interest. The territory from which its patronage was to be drawn was extensive enough, but the population was sparse, and the country new, and its resources undeveloped. The people were of a hardy and self-reliant class, but for the greater part without available wealth, with pressing claims upon them for the use of any little capital that they might possess. The founding of such an

institution by such a people seems, therefore, to have been a grand work of faith. Two Methodist Colleges had before this been projected in the West,—Augusta College, in Kentucky, the earliest of its sisterhood; and M'Kendree College, at Lebanon, in Illinois, then just struggling into active life. The University of the State of Indiana (at Bloomington) had become more a sectarian than a State institution. Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, was yet in its infancy; and farther West than these there were no schools of equally high grade. The field of its patronage was, therefore, a very wide one, and full of promise; but, like the country itself, it was more remarkable for its possibilities than for any attainments already made.

But such institutions can not be founded and adequately endowed without very considerable amounts of money. The colleges and academies of some other denominations in the West have been largely aided by Eastern capital, but Western Methodism has received but very little from the older regions of the country. Probably at that time there were not in the whole State half a dozen individuals with fortunes amounting to a hundred thousand dollars each; so that donations to the enterprise must necessarily be in only small amounts. But it was not for a day or a year, or a single generation, that these earnest and devoted men devised and labored, but for all time; and in many things, no doubt, they builded more wisely than they knew.

As Methodism has always been first of all a ministry to the people, and then in return has been ministered to by the people, so Asbury University, which was founded for the benefit especially of the Methodist people of the State, has always depended upon the pious benefactions of the Churches and people. Collections and donations were solicited and given, though usually in only small sums, yet with free and generous hearts; and so the people were practically educated to look upon the University as their own. The ministers, out of their scanty stipend, spared each a little,—and often, in proportion to the amounts received

by them, very much,—to aid the infant institution in the days of its feebleness.

The Preparatory Department was first opened June 5, 1837, under the direction of Cyrus Nutt, A. B., a graduate of Allegheny College, with only six pupils. The Presidency, with the Professorship of Mathematics, was first offered to Rev. Joseph S. Tomlinson, D. D., of Augusta College, but he declined to leave the work in which he was engaged. In March, 1837, Rev. Matthew Simpson, then a Professor in Allegheny College, was chosen President and Professor of Mathematics, but he did not enter upon his official duties till the latter part of the year 1839. At that time a Faculty was organized, with Cyrus Nutt as Professor of Languages, and Rev. J. W. Weakley as Principal of the Preparatory Department.

Of the first President of Asbury University, while very much might be pertinently said, very little seems to be called for, so well and widely is he known to the whole Church and the world. But when he came to Asbury University he was comparatively unknown; but, by his eloquence and fervor as a preacher, he soon made himself famous throughout and beyond the State, while the wisdom of his administration of the affairs of the infant institution awakened hope and confidence in the hearts of its friends. His presidency extended over nine years (1839 to 1848), during which period the institution advanced steadily from its small beginnings to comparative greatness, and at the same time he himself became widely known as a pulpit and platform orator, and a writer of no mean abilities.

The old University Building was completed in 1840, and in it the new President delivered his inaugural address, which served also as a dedication for the then new hall. It was, when completed, the finest building in the State, not excepting the State Capitol; and it was properly the pride of those through whose efforts it had been erected; and for more than thirty years it served the purpose of the institution. Though the University has quite outgrown the proportions of its original hall, that building still retains its utility, and also stands as a



MATTHEW SIMPSON, D. D. (1839-1844.)

monument of the past success of the institution, and a not altogether contemptible specimen of architecture. Here have lectured and preached some of the most distinguished public speakers in the country, and

here thoughts have found their first utterance which have sounded to the end of the world. Forty-three classes, making an aggregate of nearly five hundred graduates, went forth from its doors to engage in life's

activities, and to bless their generation. It is now used for the Preparatory Department.

During Dr. Simpson's administration the Faculty of instruction and government was, from time to time, strengthened by the founding of new chairs, which were duly filled by able and accomplished Professors. Rev. William C. Larrabee, who had before that time won a fine reputation as an educator at Wesleyan University, and as Principal of Cazenovia Seminary, New York, was called to the Chair of Mathematics, Charles G. Downey to the Chair of Natural Sciences, Rev. B. F. Tefft was elected to the Chair of Greek, and Professor John Wheeler to that of Latin. The Indiana State Medical College, with a full board of instruction, had been established as a department of the University; and a Law School had been opened in the University building, under the supervision of Hon. R. W. Thompson, now Secretary of the Navy.



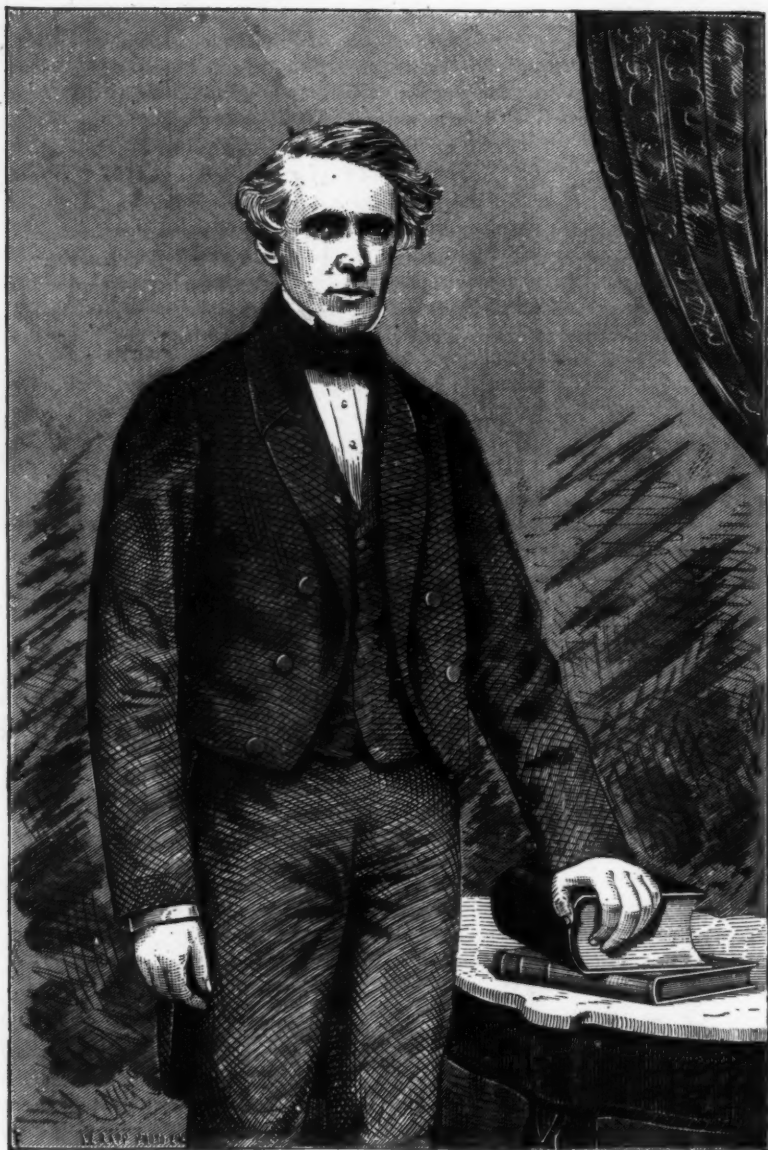
LUCIEN W. BERRY, D. D. (1848-1854.)



THE OLD BUILDING.

The old campus, of five or six acres, in the midst of which the original building stands, was at an early date planted with shade-trees, which have grown to the size of stately trees, making of the whole a beautiful grove. Within this shade is the grave of Bishop Roberts, marked with a fitting monument of white marble, erected by the members of the Indiana Conference.

In 1848, Dr. Simpson, having been chosen by the General Conference to the editorship of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati, resigned the Presidency of Asbury University; and Rev. Edward R. Ames (since Bishop Ames), was elected his successor. While he held the question of its acceptance under consideration, which he finally declined, the duties of President were discharged by Professor Larrabee. The next year (1849), Rev. Lucien W. Berry, of the Indiana Conference, was elected President, and at once entered upon the discharge of the duties of his new office. He had been educated at Oxford, Ohio, and was recognized as a man of rare powers as a thinker



DANIEL CURRY, D. D., ET. 48. (1854-1857.)

and a minister of great abilities, both as a preacher and an administrator of the Church's affairs. His sermons displayed extensive research and deep thought, and were delivered with a massiveness of elocution that convinced and moved all that heard them. He filled the office of president of the Univer-

sity for five years, and resigned it in 1854. At the session of the Board of Trustees for that year, Rev. Daniel Curry of New York was chosen to fill the vacant headship of the Faculty of instruction and government, with a Board of six other professors: Tingley (still in the faculty); Lattimore, now of Roch

ester University; Hibben (Preparatory), now chaplain in the navy; and Downey, Nadal, and Bragdon, deceased. The Faculty was a decidedly able one, not a weak man in it. If the editor of the *NATIONAL REPOSITORY* would allow me to say just what I think about the then new president, it would be this: The three years of his Presidency were a grand success, and the impress which he left upon the University and the State can never be effaced. His addresses and other utterances have been handed down through successive classes to the present day. . . . He held very decidedly to the view that *system* was a first requisite, and he required that the students should be thoroughly classified. . . . The standard of order and scholarship was elevated, and authority was respected. Western men, having learned to appreciate his abilities, have usually given him their votes in the General Conference, memorably so in his election to the office he now holds.

At the commencement of 1857, Dr. Curry resigned his connection with the University. Professors Downey and Nadal had previously vacated their chairs,—the former to accept a like position in the Iowa Wesleyan University, and the latter to resume the regular pastoral work in the Baltimore Conference. Professors Bragdon and Lattimore soon after followed the example of their associates, and both of them accepted positions in Genesee College, at Lima, New York, where, not very long afterwards, the former closed his pure and brilliant career; the latter was subsequently called to the Chair of Chemistry at Rochester University, which he still occupies with distinguished ability. Of the former Faculty proper, only Professor Tingley then remained; and, only a few years later, Professor Hibben, who had charge of the Preparatory Department, entered the service of the Government as a chaplain, in which relation he has ever since continued. Hon. David M'Donald, of Indianapolis, was at this time chosen President, and Rev. Cyrus Nutt, who had been away from the University for several years, was elected Professor of Mathematics and Vice-president, B. T. Hoyt Professor of Latin Language and Lit-

erature, and Professor Miles J. Fletcher, who had filled the Chair of English Literature before the election of Dr. Nadal, was re-elected to that position at the same time. And as Judge M'Donald at length declined the appointment proffered to him, the duties of the presidency devolved on the Vice-president during the ensuing academical year.

In 1858, Rev. Thomas Bowman was chosen President, and soon after his election entered upon the discharge of his new duties. Dr. Nutt resigned his professorship, having been chosen to the Presidency of the



THOMAS BOWMAN, D. D. (1858-1872.)

State University, and Rev. J. W. Locke (now President of M'Kendree College) became his successor. Professor Fletcher also resigned his chair to assume the duties of Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State, but no election was made at that time to supply his place. Rev. Philander Wiley was chosen to fill the Chair of Greek Language and Literature, made vacant by the retirement of Professor Lattimore. Thus the Faculty of the University experienced an almost entire change of its *personnel*.

The Presidency of Dr. Bowman was the longest continued of any one in the history of the University, and during its fourteen years (1858-1872), very wide and marked changes took place in its affairs. The coming on of the war of the rebellion very largely influenced its condition. Mr.

Lincoln's first call for seventy-five thousand volunteers produced an intense excitement among the students, and in two days a full company was recruited from among them. Out of this company, then known as the "Asbury Guards," seventy commissioned officers were taken during the progress of the war; and three were admitted, after passing the competitive examination, to the signal corps,—one of whom, W. H. Sherfey, was the sender of the now celebrated message, "Hold the Fort." And, while this company went out from the University at once, others returned to their homes, to enter companies



REUBEN ANDRUS, D. D. (1872-1876.)

that were being formed among their home associates. Of the Southern students, of whom there had usually been a considerable number, nearly all returned to their homes, and not a few of them entered the armies of the Southern Confederacy. The institution, however, was soon replenished with students, though all along, during the continuance of the war, one and another would leave for the camp and the battle-field.

The centenary of American Methodism, in 1866, seemed to offer a favorable opportunity for a united effort among the Methodists of Indiana, for securing a more adequate endowment for Asbury University, and President Bowman entered into that

enterprise with characteristic energy. At that time the funded endowment, obtained chiefly by the sale of scholarships, was only about seventy-five thousand dollars. The efforts made during that year resulted in securing about sixty thousand dollars in addition. Five years afterwards, the University received its first large contribution given by an individual to its endowment fund. Mr. Robert Stockwell placed in the hands of the President, twenty-five thousand dollars, in seven per cent bonds, which the Board of Trustees accepted as a perpetual trust,—its proceeds to be used for the maintenance of "The Robert Stockwell Professorship of Greek Language and Literature." Soon afterwards, the same liberal giver added a still larger donation,—twenty-seven thousand dollars; and the following year he added to these still another twenty-five thousand,—the last being designed to further theological instruction in the University. While President Bowman was thus actively and successfully occupied with his official duties, though his labors had also been called for in other fields,—having served as chaplain of the United States Senate; and having been elected as co-delegate, with Bishop James, to the British Wesleyan Conference, in 1861, he was, at the General Conference held in May, 1872, elected and ordained a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

During this time several changes occurred in the Board of Instruction. Professor Hoyt was transferred to the department of English Literature; Rev. John A. Reubelt succeeded to the Latin Chair. After the decease of the former, and retirement of the latter, L. L. Rogers was elected to the Department of Latin; John C. Ridpath, to that of Belles Lettres and History, and Rev. John E. Earp, to the Chair of Modern Languages and Hebrew. Rev. J. W. Locke, D. D., retired from the Department of Mathematics in 1872, and was succeeded by Rev. Patterson M'Nutt; Captain D. D. Wheeler, U. S. A., at the same time being chosen for the Chair of Military Science and Tactics. Three young men (John B. DeMotte, T. J. Bassett, and P. S. Baker), of fine capabilities

and scholarship, have been placed in charge of the Preparatory Department.

Upon the retirement of Bishop Bowman, the Board of Trustees chose Rev. Reuben Andrus, of the Indiana Conference, to the vacant position, who at once entered upon its duties, wisely endeavoring to carry out and complete the plans of his predecessor, especially in respect to the endowments, and the erection of additional buildings; and in this work he was eminently successful. But he always professed his preference for the pastoral work, and, after serving three years in the University, he exchanged that position for the pulpit, but not without leaving the impress of his mind and character upon its affairs; and, in going away, he left not a few attached friends, both in the University and among the citizens of Greencastle.

Alexander Martin, formerly Professor of Greek in the Allegheny College, and more recently President of the University of Virginia, whose general and thorough scholarship fit him for any department, was chosen as the successor of Dr. Andrus. His long experience as an educator and eminent executive ability won at once entire confidence, so that perfect harmony has existed; and without the demand for the exercise of discipline, order and marked advancement have thus far characterized his administration.

With the lapse of years, and the increase of students, the want of additional and better appointed buildings for the use of the institution became more and more apparent; and, after much consultation, and a variety of delays, the corner-stone of the new edifice was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, in 1869. It is situated in the large, open grounds, near the old college building, in the midst of a campus of ten acres, elevated, and about central to the town. In this building is a commodious and well-furnished chapel, called "Meharry Hall," in honor of Mr. Jesse Meharry and his wife, of Shawnee Mound, who were among the earliest and the largest contributors to the

funds required for its erection. Of its entire cost, amounting to over a hundred thousand dollars, the citizens of Greencastle and Putnam County gave one half.



ALEXANDER MARTIN, D. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Meharry gave fourteen thousand dollars.

Among donors from abroad, worthy of mention for their liberality, are W. C. De Pauw, W. R. M'Keen, Samuel and A. Meharry, Senator Lane, Judge A. C. Downey, Hon. J. W. Ray, C. W. Smith, the children of Daniel DeMotte, Richard Biddle, and George W. House. The institution possesses a museum and cabinet, the essential laboratory, apparatus and furnishings for the Department of Natural Science, and the Whitcomb library, the gift of the late Senator Whitcomb, containing about five thousand volumes of select books; the College Society and Department Libraries containing a still larger number.

Every department of the new building is becoming attractive in its art and emblematic adornments, which cultivate the taste and stimulate to inquiry. Rooms and halls bear the names of generous patrons; tablets perpetuate the memory of benefactors; libraries contain memorials of the past, of great historical value to the Church, the State, as

well as to families and friends. Growth into larger influence and wider usefulness marks every department.

The departments of Languages are rapidly securing ample maps, charts, engravings, busts, the fresh discoveries and the new and advanced works of the age, with which to enrich and illustrate classic study. Connected with the Greek department is the "George W. House Library" and Gallery of Greek Art, in which, besides a good collection of books are a fine Numismatic and Archæological collection presented by Paul Wilcox, and the finest of the D. G. Hamilton casts, selected by Dr. Vernon, in Rome; a life-size statue of Apollo Belvidere; statuettes of Athene, Æsculapius, and Ceres. The whole collection contains eighteen specimens of Greek art, in the best style of Italian workmanship.

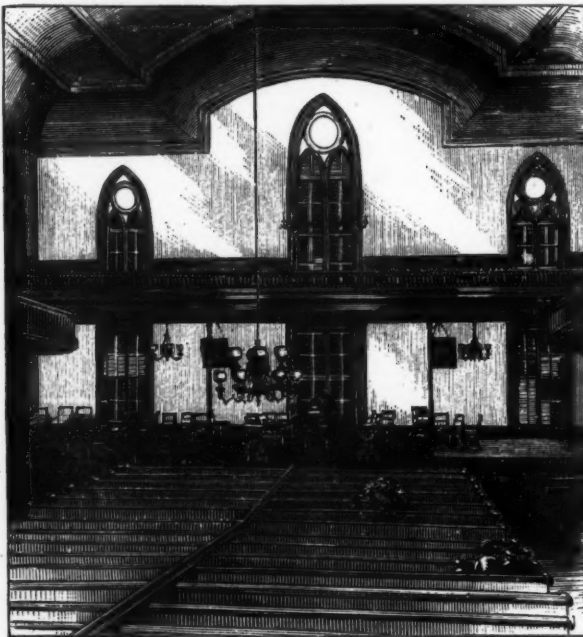
caused delays; for between the laying of the corner-stone, in 1869, and the dedication, in 1877, were eight long years of patient laboring and waiting. But, at length, it was completed and dedicated almost without debt. It is probably second in architectural beauty and adaptation to its purposes to no other college building in all the West.

The value of the real estate of the University; with the fixtures of various kinds, may be estimated at a quarter of a million; the endowment actually in hand at a hundred and fifty thousand more. Besides these funds, the treasurer holds the bond of Hon. W. C. DePauw for twenty-five thousand dollars; and, from another source (Mr. and Mrs. Swishard, of Warren County, Indiana), property of the same value has been secured, though not yet made available. Others have also provided by bequests

for various sums, all of which together would increase the aggregate of the endowment by a hundred thousand dollars. The Trustees wisely determined to confine the current expenses within the current income, so that each year's end shall find their treasury free from indebtedness. It is confessed, however, that the present endowment is altogether inadequate for the great work that the University is called upon to perform, though, by the policy pursued, all pecuniary troubles have been avoided by the Trustees.

Within these grounds, as already stated, repose all that was mortal of Bishop Robert R. Roberts. He died in the Spring of 1843, and was buried upon his own

farm, near the White River, in Lawrence County. But the Indiana Conference desired that his remains should be in a more prominent place, and accordingly they were taken up, and with appropriate obsequies

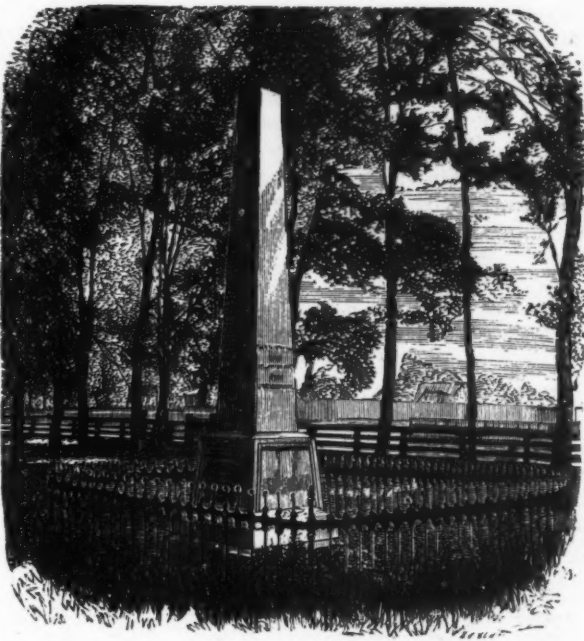


INTERIOR VIEW OF CHAPEL.

The policy pursued by the Trustees, in carrying forward the building, was of the most conservative character, requiring that no expense should be incurred till the means of paying for it had been secured. This

laid here. And here it is fitting they should lie. He was the first chosen trustee of the University, and a life-long favorer of Christian education. A handsome monument, designed and manufactured by the late J. W. Weir of Indianapolis, was erected over his grave.

A less numerous and effective force of instructors has all along been employed than might seem desirable, and the rate of compensation has been only moderate; but payments have been regularly and promptly made, and there has been in no case any occasion to fall back from any advancements that have been made; but to meet the demands of *this* time and of the future, Asbury University must enlarge her facilities, multiply her departments of study, and increase her board of instruction. Men of means, friends of higher education, must help. She has many wealthy



TOMB OF BISHOP ROBERTS.

sons, in whom she greatly rejoices. Would that they could see it to be a graceful thing to declare, now and then, a dividend in favor of their *Alma Mater* upon the stocks she has invested in them!

GAUDENZI'S POEM—"THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."

RAMANZINI, a pupil of the great Italian poet Cesarotti, being called to occupy a professorship of belles lettres in the Seminary at Forti, brought with him the famous translation of Ossian, then first published. Among the students to whom he pointed out its beauties was the youthful Pellegrino Gaudenzi, who had been thought insensible to the charms of poesy. The startling and impassioned production of Cesarotti found a way to his heart, and awakened deep and concentrated enthusiasm. The first fruit of the lively impression it produced was a rough outline of the poem on the "Birth of Christ," on which rests Gaudenzi's fame, the evidence of a genius of

the highest order. He removed afterwards to Padua, and became the favorite pupil of Cesarotti, who not only aided his studies, but finally introduced him to popular admiration, spreading his fame throughout Italy by his praise. Gaudenzi obtained, through the influence of his friend, a situation in a new academy in Padua, and lived to see his reputation established, though he died at the early age of thirty-five, in the year 1784.

His poem "*La Nascita di Cristo*," affords the fairest specimen of his powers. It was improved and completed under the auspices of Cesarotti. It is partly lyric, partly epic; is marked by bold and picturesque imagery

and vivid descriptions; and is altogether unlike any other offspring of the Italian muse, resembling in style the wild and splendid fictions which first captivated the imagination of the youthful poet. The commencement is a bold description of Night on her ancient throne,—an opening reminding us of M'Pherson. Amid the silence and gloom, Satan rises. The translation is very nearly literal:

"Amid the horror, from her shaken roots,
Earth trembled suddenly, and to the East
A mountain vast, with noise afar resounding,
Is cleft in twain. The immense abyss of gloom
Rears from its depth, and smoke and flash and flame
Burst forth anon; the broken, burning rocks
Whirling in the sulphurous billows, plow
The plain with traces deep. From the black gulfs
Of Sorrow's kingdom, with a fearful wail
Of madness, through the upward way ascends
The angel of the abyss, to desolate
Devoted earth. As tyrant of the sea,
Some monster storm o'er ocean's billowy fields
Moves on, and with enormous breast disporting
The wide resounding mass, lifts up his head,
Concealing in the troubled depths the torpid
Bulk of his nether frame, so, floating, rose
Dark Satan from the sea of fire; vast wings
Lashed high with crackling noise the infernal wave
Which echoing leaped in lurid lines, and clothed
The heavens with answering flame."

The palace of Guilt, the daughter of the demon monarch, is described. By her aid he has conquered the world, and hopes to retain it.

"In the first morning of the youthful world,
In that fair garden, where thrice happy man
Breathed the first breath of life with sweetness fraught,
Beneath a heaven of innocence,—alas!
Was Guilt first born. Full soon the righteous mandate
Of God's high wrath from Eden banished her
Far from those sacred shores. Then loud complained
The monster, and a thousand spirits of hell
Unclean around her thronged to soothe her pain;
And sudden, nigh the spot so late profaned,
A temple rose of demon workmanship,
Cumbering with weight immense the soil; a mass
Of rugged stones and sable marbles built,
Through which meandered veins of bloody hue.
The affrighted look in silence rested on
Its haughty front, which through the clouds shot up,
And seemed to lift itself in mockery,
Threatening the stars. Beneath the arches vast
On marble bases horrid images
Stand fixed, which there the demon builders reared.

There Avarice bends above his pile of gold,
With one hand strains the treasure to his breast,
While grasps the other greedily the hoard
Of some poor needy wretch; his eager look
Devouringly explores the heap, and seems
Each member bent on rapine.

There Ambition
Inflated with pride, whose hand exulting holds
As he believes, the destiny of worlds,

Lifts up his stately brow, with one foot trampling
A volume torn, in which are written 'Law
And Duty,' while the other mounts a throne.

Armed and with venom laden and with steel,
Striding through paths of blood doth Violence break
Whate'er his feet encounter, and 'mid hundreds
Of the crushed victims of his cruel wrath,
Looks forth with furious glance, as who defies
The universe to war.

With garlands crowned
And full of charms there Pleasure sits; her lips
Aye wreathed with smiles; allurements in her eyes;
An ample cup she grasps, filled to the brim
With poison, which its dangerous sweet distills
Into the heart; with emulous madness drink
Infatuate crowds, and on the sorceress' lip
Sink as they quaff their death in false delight.

A thousand others of atrocious aspect
And strange, stand pictured round; children of Guilt
Whom nature doth abhor, by heaven accursed.
Before an hundred lofty iron gates,
Swinging upon their sounding hinges, walk
Unquiet, fearful spirits, on whose front
Are stamped the hues of wrath. Within the vast
And vaulted entrance, fitful meteors
With sad funeral gleam the darkness paint
Of horrid walls, where, by the hand of Death
Depleted, are the wretched trophies ranged,
Of Guilt thus born to devastate the world."

Canto I.

There is represented the lost garden of Eden, guarded by the cherub's flaming sword; the slaughter of Abel, and the remorse of the first murderer; the destruction of the cities of the plain by fiery tempests; and the chastisements of the iniquities of the King of Egypt. There is also the deluge, which is gorgeously described. Opposite this picture sits the evil genius of the place.

"In view of this sad scene
Of universal woe, arose the throne
Of the dark goddess; a vast pile deformed,
With blood its base; the hateful skulls of those
To whom Impiety gave name, in garlands
Hang round her—fitting ornaments! On high
Enthroned, the infernal queen 'mid images
Of horror towers in sullen majesty;
Her stern brow clouded, fierce her glance and far;
Her movements slow; upon her front depleted
All changeful passions,—anger, pride, remorse,
Envy, joy, fear, succeed each other there."

Here Satan meets his daughter, and devises with her the means of crushing their common enemy—the promised Redeemer. In a bold and impious speech, the arch fiend defies even the power of Deity to wrest from him his long-possessed kingdom. His delirious vaunt is suddenly interrupted by a burst of fearful splendor from heaven, and an earthquake so tremendous that the universe is shaken! The Palace of Guilt

totters, falls, and is swallowed up with its evil inmates in the abyss of destruction. By a happy poetical conception, the shock that swept to ruin the trophies of sin is represented as releasing earth from her wintry chain; her bosom is instinct with new life and vigor, and the dissolving snows leave mountain and plain clothed with vernal beauty. The prophecy is fulfilled, that "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"Vanished the snows and rains, in liquid gems
The froed stream tremulously gleams along
The fragrant mead, inviting vernal airs;
With wide and goodly branches buds anew
The wood; the sunny hill with fresh green herbs
Arrays itself; where grew the bristled stem
Of the rough thistle blooms the graceful rose;
Where the scorched rocks before lay buried 'neath
Inhospitable thorns—the savage den
Of prowling beasts—spring forth in leafy pride
The richest honors of the spicy field.
Thus fair, perchance, thus smiling, happy earth
On her birth morn, when fraught with youth and joy,
From the high hand of her Creator launched
Went wheeling onward through eternal space."

Canto II.

The gorgeous magnificence of the descriptions that follow is happily contrasted with the gloom and horror of the preceding canto. Heaven is unfolded, with the celestial messengers bearing fresh lights to stars and planets, while others are fashioning a star of transcendent brightness, which may announce to the nations of earth the advent of their Prince, and guide the inhabitants of the distant East and North to worship at his feet. A band of seraphim is detached to convey the tidings to this lower world, and the rainbow, the pledge of mercy and peace, is displayed in the skies.

"The Iris bright
Opens, and heaven along with it! on high
Through a long lucid vista shines afar
The city of the Lord! Its sacred walls
Of glowing gold constructed there I see
Gleam o'er foundations of celestial sapphire
On blue Olympian heights; the precious topaz,
Bright ruby, and the fiery carbuncle,
And emeralds green irradiate its front.
Lo! the eternal adamant gate
Unfold that veil Divinity. Girt round
With glory inaccessible I see
His throne—the King of kings! The seraphim,
Thief brows with fadeless olives crowned, who throng
Blest Zion's holy heights, come band by band
In festal pomp descending, like the lines
Of glorious morning stars. What living brightness
Suffuses and consumes this lower world!
Heaven is on earth!"

The birthplace of the Messiah is shrouded from mortal sight by the surrounding angels:

"With folded wings,
Weaving a strong impenetrable veil
From the weak sinful gaze of mortal eyes
The angelic guard secure it; while within
The charmed circle burns a holy flame
Glancing from plume to plume, of rosy light
Sparkling in flakes of gold; as lightning closed
In the deep bosom of some silver cloud,
With trembling luster darts from ridge to ridge.
Over the face of earth redoubles now
The midnight silence: in the air the winds
Hang mute: the streamlet on the rugged slope
Suspends its warbling. All absorbed in heaven
Twixt wonder and delight, vast nature hangs
Listening, the unutterable harmony
Poured from the rolling spheres, which through the
plains
Of ether soft descends, and sheds a blessing
On scattered worlds below."

Canto II.

The second canto affords us a description of Limbo, the place where the souls of the righteous dead, for ages past, were kept in a captivity of hope, awaiting the hour of their deliverance. A cherub guides Adam from this spot over the plains of Palestine to the humble abode of the new born Savior. Adam kneels to worship the divine infant; but the poet steps a little beyond the sublime when he makes the infant extend his arms to embrace the father of mankind, as the representative of that humanity so dear to Godhead.

The third canto of this poem is hardly equal to the first two in beauty of conception and execution. Adam returns to his companions in Limbo, and recounts to them his adventures, at the same time interpreting the meaning of a symbolical shield left there by the cherub, which had much puzzled the holy fathers. The monarch minstrel, David, then takes up the strain, and sings the glory of Christ's kingdom and his Church, prophesying the trials and triumphs of Christianity till the time of Constantine, in a choral lay of considerable beauty, which closes the poem. Such is the richness of imagery and the melody of language in this hymn, that it would be difficult to do justice to it by an entire translation. The ideas are mostly taken from Scripture, and describe the perils of the Church and her deliverance. A fragment or two we offer:

"Trophy of death—how vain!
Lo! heavenward doth the King of Glory rise!

He comes! He comes! Blest princes that await,
Open to Him the portals of the skies!

Thou who a morning star hast shone

Seated upon thine Eastern throne,

How vanquished and subdued, proud Lucifer,

Thou unto earth art fallen!

Thou who in heart hast said

Fixed in my power above the eternal hills

Above the throne of God,

Like His Almighty throne

I will uplift mine own,—

How in thy day of pride—in triumph's flow

Thou 'rt sunk into the abyss of endless woe.

Lo, the young spouse of heaven's incarnate King,

In radiant vestments and with regal face!

Now from the nuptial curtain's shadowing

He comes to meet her with a giant's pace!

His brightness clothes her—and around her cling

The wonders of her Lord's almighty grace!

She moves, and underneath her feet divine

With new-born beauty doth her pathway shine.

Alas! what tempests horrible arise

From the dark caverns of the abyss of pain!

O spouse of Christ! thy faith what danger tries,

What fiery strife 'twixt anguish and the chain!

Defiled and torn thy robe already lies

On earth, a prey unto the savage train;

To Heaven thy tearful supplication is addressed,

Matted thy hair and blood upon thy breast!

Ye cruel foes of God's eternal light,

Exult not o'er the exile's bitter woe!

Christ is her Lord; her shield his glorious might;

Each tear of hers 'your lasting ill ye know!

Her children's faith invincible and bright

Yet shines where heaven's immortal splendors glow!

She in his blood her beauty doth renew;

And 'neath the steel comes forth more bright and true!

The sound of war

Through the deep valleys echoes loud and far!

Abase! abase! The city once so proud

Now to the dust is bowed!

Ungrateful Salem! from the urn of fate

The destined hour goes forth!

To visit thee thy God, no more thine own,

Armed in the day of his great wrath descends!

Upon thy head his bitter cup of vengeance

Is all poured out! What anguish shall be thine!

Thy children perished! of armed foes a train

Descends on thee like rain!

Before thy palace gate

Pale death and terror wait!

Remorse gnaws at thy heart, and deadly fear,

Nor help nor hope is near!

Where, where is all thy ancient loveliness?

O'erwearied with distress,

Without a God, a temple, or a throne;

A monument of woe,

The pilgrim looks upon the sun so low,

Tramples thee in his scorn, and passes careless on!"

Canto III.

This poem is wholly after the romantic school. The author's imagination had been imbued with the wild and glowing fictions introduced from the North by Cesarotti. It is probably unknown in this country, except to native Italians; but its magnificence of language and vigor of imagery, in spite of occasional extravagance, would repay the translator who should present the entire work in English verse. Gaudenzi was the author of several light and humorous productions, and letters that were highly lauded; but they were composed chiefly for the amusement of private circles.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

FULL many a hearth is decked to-night

To hail the blessed morn,

On which, in ages long ago,

The Savior child was born.

The churches all are wreathed with green,

The altars set with flowers,

And happy, lowly hearts wait on

And count the passing hours;

Until the midnight chimes proclaim

The hallowed season come,

When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,

And hell's loud roar is dumb.

Then myriad voices in acclaim

The song of homage yield,

That once from angels' lips was heard

By shepherds in the field.

Still for a time are angry thoughts—

The hearts of men are mild;

The father with a holier thrill

Bends o'er his slumbering child.

New is the kiss the husband gives

Unto his wedded wife,

For earthly love when blest by Heaven,

Ends not with earthly life.

And fountain-like, o'er all the world,

Where Christ's dear name is known,

Leap up the sounds of prayer and praise

Toward the eternal throne.

THAT BOY: WHO SHALL HAVE HIM?

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ALTHOUGH John had shaken off his call to the ministry, he could not shake off his one wretched parishioner, who clung to him as his only hope for this world, if not for the world to come. Alex had visibly improved. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; and, in spite of his good resolutions, his master passion would occasionally overwhelm him in those awful horrors which had made it needful to fit up for him that singular "den." The poor boy begged him to stay with him a little while for old acquaintance' sake, during which time Leighton received a piece of intelligence that bade fair to change the whole course of his life. His early friend, Dr. Dosor, who had grown rich in his old age, in consequence of the building of a railway village on a portion of his lands, had died, and left him heir to half of his ample estate.

The quaint old Doctor had buried old Sukey, pensioned off old Susan, and turned his patients over to the tender mercies of a less tender man, giving himself up during his last few years to the care of his property, its final bestowment, his memories of love, and the duties of religion.

One of his favorite employments was writing his will. Every time he sold a house-lot, or in any other way added a snug sum to his accumulations of money, he would write a last testament, cudgeling his old brains for better forms of words in which to express himself, whereby he acquired much skill in that sort of composition. By the time he had written his thirtieth or fortieth last will and testament, the dear old man died; and when the document was read in the presence of his neighbors,—he had neither kith nor kin remaining,—it was found that he had succeeded in doing something rather unusual in that way, which was alike creditable to his head and heart.

After making proper provision for the ex-

penses which might attend his sickness, death, and burial, he wrote:

"It is my will that the first one-half of my estate, remaining after all rightful debts are discharged, be given to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose grace I live, and in whose faith I expect to die.

"The second one-half of my estate I give and bequeath to John Mark Leighton, only son of Grace Leighton, formerly Grace Beau-bien. . . . It is also my will that the said John Mark Leighton be the sole administrator of my estate; but if Elder Hooper, as he was called, shall then be living, I desire that his advice may be taken concerning the disposition of the Lord's money."

Here was a fresh embarrassment. John was still to be a minister of Christ, in spite of himself; before he could be free from his duty to his one poor parishioner, here was another sacred trust to be administered in the name of the Lord Jesus.

"What are you going to do with yourself and your fortune?" asked his mother, on their homeward journey from the old familiar scenes, which they had visited together.

"I do n't know. The first thing, of course, is to find Elder Hooper. When that matter is off my hands there will be time enough to decide."

In answer to his letter to Alex, giving full accounts of his good fortune, of the singular duty which had befallen him, and of his intention of going out to the mountains, where he understood Elder Hooper had permanently settled, he received a reply containing the most hearty congratulations, but written in a tone of despondency, as if being left to himself was but the prelude to his utter destruction. This touched John's heart so deeply that, little as he could wish it for his own sake, he invited Alex to accompany him on his journey, which invitation was eagerly accepted; and in a few days the two young men set off together.

"It was so kind of you, Jack, to let me come with you," said Alex. "I seemed to be climbing out of my pit while you were with us, but when you went away there was no longer any hand reached down to help me up."

Such a confession from such a man was reward enough for all his sacrifice. He was so glad he had not cast off this ministry along with the other. There was no one by to tell him that the warm, sweet thrill which shot through his heart at those words was some of the self-same joy which even the Son of God was glad to purchase at the price of the cross,—sacrifice, calling forth gratitude, trust, and love. Without knowing it, John was basking his chilled soul in the rays of the divine blessedness, and by his care of his lost brother was bringing himself into the very center of the Sacred Heart that once was broken for us all.

If he had been an officer in charge of a prisoner his duty would have been less severe, for then the criminal would have had shackles on him; but poor Alex must be held by bonds of a more delicate texture; and these were often put to the heaviest strain by the sights and smells of his old master and enemy, which every-where beset the traveler, and coax him to greater indulgence because he is in a place where he is not known. Over and over again did John find him wild or helpless after a few moments out of his sight; more than once did he leave the train to watch by the side of his prisoner, whose fearful ravings frightened all strangers away.

"Why do you never get out of patience with me, and ship me back home again?" asked Alex, one day, after he had broken their journey at a miserable little frontier town, where he had lain in a drunken craze for nearly a week, during all of which time John had been both physician and nurse.

"If you saw a blind man stumbling along a dangerous mountain trail, would you push him over the precipice?"

Alex was silent. The answer was a larger one than he had expected.

The travelers came to the end of the railway, and of all the means of public convey-

ance, long before they came to the end of their journey. They had no very accurate information of the whereabouts of the man they were seeking, though they understood he had a little ranch somewhere near the head-waters of the Colorado River. He had become too old, or at least too old-fashioned, for the pulpits of the ambitious little towns of the frontier; and, not wishing to be a burden to his brethren, but being at the same time bent on preaching as long as he lived, he had sought and obtained an appointment as "traveling missionary," to go where he pleased, and do all the good he could, provided he did not interfere with any of the regular circuits and stations. "Turned out to die," was what some of his friends called it; but to Father Hooper it was the most attractive work on earth.

At Georgetown and Empire City, those outposts of the line of civilization, they began to inquire for the object of their search, but no one appeared to know any thing of him. At length a hunter, who had come over the Berthend Pass with a load of game, told them of an old ranchman over at the foot of the Snowy Range who was called the Old Man of the Mountain, and who answered very well to their description, and whose other name he believed was Hooper.

"You see, stranger, there's a great, splendid face on one of the granite cliffs, over the other side of Clear Creek, that has allus been called by that name; and the Injuns—he is a great friend to the Injuns—thought he looked like that, and so they named him after it in their lingo, and it was n't long afore we all got in the way of callin' him the Old Man of the Mountain. And a fine old man he is, I tell you; knows how to do every thing, and looks like Peter and John and Nicodemus and Lazarus, and all the rest of the good apostles, rolled into one.

"He's got a little park up there all to himself, where he and his smart old wife have done more in ten years to civilize these wild regions than a dozen of them high-toned parsons could do in a life-time. We had some on 'em out here once, sent out by some mishunery company or other; nice chaps enough, but awful out of their latitude

here. I was guide to one on 'em once; he was the igneruntest chap I ever see.

"You come out here to these mountains to run a Gospel shop, did ye?" says I.

"Yis," says he, 'figgeratively speaking.'

"Are you good at figgers?" says I. 'If ye are, there is a government surveyor over on Middlepark will give ye five dollars a day, and rations, to figger for him.'

"No, he was not; he could talk figgers, but he could n't do very much else with 'em.

"Can ye shoot?" says I.

"No, he could n't shoot.

"Can ye handle a birch?"

"I'll be hanged if the feller did n't think I meant, was he a schoolmaster.

"Do ye know how to pack a mule?"

"What do you pack him into?" says the preacher.

"Mebby ye do n't know how to foller a blind trail?"

"A blind rail?" says he. 'I never seed no rails that war n't blind.'

"Wal, sir, a chap that did n't know no more nor *that* about travelin' through this world, how do ye s'pose he's goin' to show us the right trail to glory?"

John and Alex both admitted that such dense ignorance of the commonest ways of life in the mountains did not argue much in favor of spiritual wisdom. Then they engaged the hunter to pilot them over the range to the ranch of the Old Man of the Mountain. Such a trip required a saddle-mule for each man, and provisions, blankets, tent, kettles, etc., enough to load two pack-mules, all of which John directed the guide to purchase, and have in readiness for an early start next morning. But during the night Alex disappeared, and it was noon of the next day before he was discovered, lying in a deserted cabin, in one of his worst attacks of *delirium*. John ordered the expedition to wait for the poor fellow to recover, if, indeed, he ever would recover, but the guide advised that they pack him.

"He won't take no harm, strapped on to a good stiddy mule. The fresh air will be a heap better for him nor the air of this shanty; and the Old Man of the Mountain will take

them *shakes* out of him in short order, if we can only get him to him."

"How will he do that?"

"He'll pray 'em out; and, better yet, he'll fix 'em so they won't come back enny more. You look as if you did n't believe it, stranger, but it is jest as I tell ye. He did that thing for me more 'n ten year ago, and them devils never come nigh me afterward."

These arguments prevailed. Poor Alex, who was wild and unmanageable, was taken by force and mounted on the animal that was to carry him; his feet were lashed together under the mule's body, and his hands were tied, not too tight, but so as to prevent his doing any mischief. The guide led the way, the pack-mules followed, then came the wretched prisoner, while Leighton brought up the rear. It cost him no little shame and sorrow to take up his line of march as the rear-guard to such a train, but it was the best thing that could be done; and before long they were well up on the trail, where the shouts and cries of the madman disturbed only the echoes in those silent, solemn mountains.

John could not help thinking he was chief mourner at a funeral; but the glories of nature, among and over which they passed, lifted him above the mental depression which would otherwise have weighed him down. Day after day they threaded the paths through the forests, forded swift torrents, or wound their way round dizzy heights, with sheer ascents and descents on either hand, sometimes half a thousand feet in height and depth. From some of the peaks which they climbed they could look down on vast groups of ridges and spurs of mountains; some green with forests, others brown with the wind-swept soil, on which nothing but moss and a few tiny wild flowers would grow; others, again, were bold crags of sandstone, of the colors of orange, purple, green, and gray, as if, by being steeped in morning mists and sunset glories, the rocks had taken on their lights and shades. Those glowing peaks looked as if they might have been the originals after which the Autumn foliage of the foot-hills was colored? Then away to the north-west the vast white masses of the Snowy

Range lifted themselves into the sky, so grand and pure and majestic that they might have served as thrones for the principalities and powers of the unseen worlds. Up among those glittering domes and pinnacles, on whose dazzling heights no mortal ever stood, there seemed to be a place where the Great Creator himself had pitched his tabernacle; for at sunrise there were the pillars of cloud, and at sunset the pillars of fire. John forgot all about the Mons Sacer god, and lifted up his soul, in his first act of worship, to him, whoever he might be, whose hands formed the earth and stretched the heavens above it; to the God of the mountains, where the pure winds sweep and the white snows shine, Summer and Winter, age after age; to the God whose rippled thought took shape in these awful heights and depths, and who did not forget to leave one blessing on the earth so high up that it never could be reached and spoiled by the pride or the power of men.

There was something in these natural glories that reached even the tortured soul of poor Alex. When the trail ascended, he was eager to climb. "Faster! faster!" he would cry; "do you not see them coming? Faster! They dare not come in sight of the city of pearl and gold." Then, as he would catch a glimpse of the white summits against the sky, he would clap his hands and shout; or turn in his saddle, as far as his lashings would let him, and grind his teeth, and shake his fists, and howl, at the fiends behind and below, who, as he imagined, dared not follow him above a certain height.

But when the trail descended, his terror was heart-rending. Down, down, into the depths of hell, as he thought, where all hateful and horrible creatures were waiting for him! When they forded a stream he cried out in agony; and if, perchance, his strong animal tripped amongst the great stones in the swift current and dashed the water up against him, he yelled like a wild Indian, thinking the spray of the river of fire was about to kindle on his body.

There were frequent storms, which were another terror to Alex. He thought the noise of the thunder, as it reverberated from

peak to peak, was made by the Cyclops, of whom he had read in his Classics, blowing up the crust of the earth with gunpowder, that they might capture the human race. It was Saturday, in the afternoon, after a five days' march, that the guide pointed out the ranch of the Old Man of the Mountain. The ample, well-built cabin rested in a group of trees that skirted a bright mountain stream, a few rods from where it leaped into a crystal lakelet having an area of two or three square miles. There was every indication of comfort, as well as order and good taste, about this home of "all the good apostles rolled into one;" and many a man would gladly live forever in such a mountain paradise, rather than take his chances of finding one that was better. The narrow, fertile valley, or "park," was inclosed by two low, irregular spurs, thrust out like rude buttresses; on which was a fine growth of cedar. Above were the foot-hills, some crowned with forests, others rising in vast grassy swells like the English "downs;" while back against the sky, sometimes seeming to form a part of it, towered the Snowy Range, whose glorious summits were in plain sight from the little valley over which they kept eternal watch and ward, and toward which the dwellers there were wont to turn their faces when they prayed,—just as some people turn toward Mecca or Jerusalem. The air of the place was electric, and there was that quiet intensity of life pervading it that tells, in different language, the same story as a barometer when it marks an elevation of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"Where is the Old Man of the Mountain?" asked the guide of a gentlemanly looking person who came out to greet them, and offer them the hospitality of the ranch for the night and the Sabbath.

"Gone up the trail about twenty miles, to see a sick miner."

"When will he return?"

"Nobody knows. It depends on how he has found the sick man, and how many other patients and new settlers he stumbles on to. You see he is doctor, minister, ranchman, guide, nurse,—every thing that any one needs in the way of help for this world

or the other. Sometimes he is away for weeks at a time, when he makes the whole circuit of his parish."

"How large is his parish?" inquired Leighton.

"I do n't know exactly. It includes every living soul he can reach in a saddle or a canoe, who can't be come at in any more civilized way. He do n't have much to do with people who live in villages or on the regular stage routes, but just with the scattered ranchmen and miners that have no other highway than a lake or a trail."

Leighton and the guide dismounted, leaving Alex still in his saddle until the tent could be pitched and blankets spread for his reception. The young man pointed out a spot, a few rods back from the shore of the little lake, where the grass was soft and thick; and, by the time a city gentleman would have had the lashings of the pack-saddle in a beautiful tangle, the mules were unpacked, the tent was pitched, Alex deposited under it, the animals picketed, a fire kindled, coffee coming to a boil, and a very tempting supper laid out on the clean side of a gum-blanket, which, being spread on the grass, served at once for cloth and table.

Just then the voice of singing was heard a little way up the trail, and presently the owner of the voice appeared, mounted on one of the smallest and toughest of Indian ponies. How such a little beast could carry such a big man was an instant wonder to Leighton, but the guide informed him that this breed of horses would carry almost their own weight in any thing that could be made to ride; and travel at a good pace with an Indian, a squaw, and two or three papooses on their backs.

The next wonder was the man himself. The first sight of his broad, generous, sun-burned face, his long, snowy beard, and hair of the same absolute whiteness, that streamed out from under his broad-brimmed wool hat; his powerful frame, and evident abundance of life, in spite of the years that had passed over him, together with a certain spiritual glory that seemed to dwell in him, were enough to satisfy Leighton that the guide had not overstated the case in saying that

the Old Man of the Mountain looked as if he might be "Peter, John, Nicodemus, Lazarus, and all the other good apostles, rolled into one."

At sight of the little camp, the old man took off his Quaker hat, which covered one of the grandest of heads, whose crown of glory fairly shone in the sunlight, giving the man almost a supernatural dignity and beauty. Then he saluted them:

"Grace be unto you, and peace from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

John felt as if he had seen and heard a revelation from heaven, for there was something in the old man's tone and manner that spoke a real blessing to his troubled soul. Here was a man who was on such familiar terms with the Deity that he could dispense actual as well as verbal benedictions in his name.

"Joseph, my son," he continued, addressing the guide, "those drunken habits of yours cast you in the pit, but the Lord lifted you out by my hand. You have n't fallen in again, I hope."

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth forever," answered the guide, at which a glad smile lighted up the old man's face, for this was the text he had given the reconstructed man to hold on by. Then Joseph presented the strangers.

"This is Mr. Leighton, from the States; and this poor boy is his friend, Mr. Layard, who needs a hand to pull him out of the same pit I used to be in."

At the word "Leighton," Father Hooper gave him a searching look, and at once inquired if his baptismal name was John Mark; then, finding it was the very man whom, as babe and boy, he had already carried in his bosom, he opened his arms to him once more, and kissed him in true patriarchal fashion.

There was something about the old man's welcome that seemed to pervade John's whole being. It crept into his heart and warmed it; it crept into his eyes and filled them with tears; it flowed along his tired nerves and rested them; it swept the chords of his memory and awoke its earliest songs.

He felt for a moment as if he were a child again, and now, after so long a time of fighting and struggling, he wished he could lay his head down on the old man's shoulder and go to sleep, just as he had done years and years ago.

"Have you honored the holy vows of your mother on your behalf, and has God called you into the ministry?"

Poor John did not know how to answer such questions without confessing a greater impiety than he wished to be thought guilty of; and, as this was no time for lengthy explanations, he took refuge from the reproof he feared by saying he had about half-finished the course at a theological seminary.

"I do n't know nothin' about that theology business," interrupted the guide, "but he is jest the right sort of minister to that poor fellow in the tent, or I ain't a judge. Why, he is as tender of him as if he was his mother. The lad got to Georgetown all right, but the old sly enemy of his jumped up and caught him as a spider does a fly. Mister Leighton wanted to wait for him to come round agin, but I told him the mountains was wholesomer for him than a town; so we packed him over the trail, the blue devils a-follerin' him all the way, only jest when we was in sight of the snow range. I b'lieve the lad thinks the Snowy Range is heaven."

John was grateful for this diversion of the discourse, which brought Alex into the foreground instead of himself. The poor boy was lying on the pile of blankets which had been spread for him, where he could look out of the tent door and see "the city of pearl and gold." He was therefore safe for the present from the fiends and monsters that pursued him, and, now that he could trust himself to do it, he had given over his terrible vigil, and, for the first time in all that terrible five days' march, had fallen sound asleep. The Old Man of the Mountain knelt down beside him to study his case and pray for help to manage it. John could see by the way he went to work that healing the sick was one of his apostolic gifts, but the cloud that seemed to come over his fatherly face gave him a sense of coming sorrow.

"He is soon to leave us," said Father Hooper, at length. "There is more than *delirium* the matter with him. We can't do better than let him sleep awhile, but mind you lose no time in pointing him to Christ when he wakes up. If he can catch a glimpse of the Cross there will be some hope for him in the next life, but there is n't any in this. I have an appointment at Pulpit Rock tomorrow, and shall need to start by daylight, but I dare say you know enough of the Gospel to show this poor boy the way to be saved. What seminary is it where you are learning the cure of souls?"

"Mons Sacer," answered John, thinking how little of that sort of learning there seemed to be on that theological mountain, and wishing with all his heart that he knew enough of something—of any thing, no matter what—to help his poor friend in his last struggle. But of this he said nothing.

After supper they sat by the tent door till far into the night, watching the moon as it waded the lake and climbed the sky, talking of Alex and their mournful march, of what the Lord had already done for lost souls and bodies amongst those mountains, and of what he might be expected to do in this case, if only the poor boy could wake up in his sober senses long enough to pray, "Lord, remember me." The treasures that seemed to be lodged in the heart and head of the Old Man of the Mountain had evidently been drawn from original sources; from the Lord himself, from his Word, and from his worlds. There was nothing artificial either about the man or his theology: he seemed to be on affectionate and intimate terms with the Lord, and was, therefore, a man through whom to find out a good deal about him; so, without opening his own heart-history, John began to ask him such questions as would bring out something of his long and rich experience; beginning distantly, with things temporal, but doubting not that he would presently come to things spiritual and eternal.

"What brought you out to this wilderness in your old age? Most people like to spend their last days with the friends of their youth."

"Just what I am doing, my son. There

is the Lord: he is the earliest friend I ever had, and the best. I seem to get closer and closer to him every day up here. It's a good thing for a man to climb, even as much as ten thousand feet, toward heaven, where he can look down on that common life of the world, that mostly sits down by the rivers or the sea, and looks along its low level instead of looking up toward the sky. Then my good wife, she is the other best friend of my youth, God bless her! And with two such old friends as that close by you don't think it is lonesome for me, do you? Ah, well, I was getting rather old-fashioned; at any rate I try to follow the fashions set by One who died and rose again more than eighteen hundred years ago. He was accused of being old-fashioned too; he would persist in going back to Moses and the prophets, and to his eternal Father, when the Scribes and Pharisees wanted him to be more modern, and keep the traditions of the elders. So I asked for a roving commission, and came out to these mountains, where the most of the fashions are as old as the world. I had money enough to buy a camp outfit, three animals, and stores to carry us through the first Winter; then I had an ax, a good rifle, and a few carpenter's tools, which would be sure to put a good roof over our heads anywhere amongst the timber."

"How did you manage to find this little paradise in a strange country?" said John.

"I found the directions in this old Book," said Father Hooper, producing his Pocket Bible. John looked surprised, and asked to see the directions, whereupon the old man opened the book and pointed out these words: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." "I had no doubt but the Lord knew where the best place was for the ranch of his old servant, so I asked him to show me. That very day, after we had started up the trail, we found a man lying drunk beside it. He had fallen out of the saddle and cut his head badly, and lay there insensible, with his horse standing beside him. 'Here beginneth the first lesson,' said my wife; so we camped right there for three days; brought him to; doctored him up till he was fit to

go about his business; and, best of all, we showed the poor fellow how to get rid of his enemy. You know the grace of God can save a man from drunkenness just as easy as from any other sin; and, when I told him so, he broke out with such cries and prayers as you never heard, begging the Lord to make a man of him again, and promising to be his friend and speak well of him all the rest of his life, if he could only give him power over his liking for liquor. Of course, the Lord could n't fail to hear such praying as that; and it was n't long before the man jumped up off his knees and began to dance and shout and clap his hands, crying 'I've got it!—I've got it!'

"What have you got?" says I.

"New legs! New nerves! New stomach! New liver! New head!" shouted he. "Glory to God! Drunken Jo is a man once more! A new man all over! Hallelujah!"

"I suppose if he had been more familiar with the Scripture he would have said he had got 'a new heart,' but he stated his case as well as he knew how; and wife and I understood it all the same."

"That must have been our guide, to whom you gave that 'first lesson.' He told us of a similar experience as we were coming over the trail."

"Yes, and he was our guide too. When he found out who we were, and what we were looking for, he said he knew just the place for us, and brought us here. There was n't even a blaze into this little valley then; but it was only a matter of five miles or so from one of the Indian trails between two foot-hills and the great Middle and South Parks, and Joseph said there were several ranches and miners' cabins within a circuit of fifty miles. It was the promised land to us sure enough, so we made ourselves at home in it right away. This little stream we named the Jordan; this lake, where the catching of a hundred and fifty-three splendid trout of a morning would be no miracle at all, we called Gennesaret; that high hill yonder we named the Mount of Olives. The Snowy Range I wanted to call Lebanon, but my wife said it was like the city in the Revelation, built all of gold and pearls and

precious stones, and so christened it, 'The New Jerusalem.'

"We pitched our tent and made ourselves comfortable, but Joseph would n't leave us till we were all ready for the Winter. That cedar swamp, just up the trail, seemed to have been planted out just to make our cabin of. There were thousands of trees as straight as an arrow, some of 'em big enough to hew timber out of eight inches square and twenty feet long. I was rather particular about the job, for I thought a nice cabin, with clean-cut corners, well-fitted joints, plumb sides, a tight roof, and every thing snug and workmanlike, would go a long way toward civilizing this wild country, besides having a good moral influence on every white man or Injun that might happen to see it. It was the only house I ever owned or ever expected to in all my life, and I wanted the Lord to come and see us in it often; for his sake, most of all, I took every pains with it, so that he need not be ashamed of the house of this old servant."

"Do you think the Lord takes more pleasure in your cabin than he would if it were built of rough logs, and had twisted sides and crooked corners?"

"Most certainly I do. He knows all about architecture; and of course he has the very best possible taste. Just read the directions he gave Moses about the tabernacle. Do n't that show that he likes to see a nice, neat camp, or a well-built house or cabin, better than a miserable, botched-up affair that looks as if it had been thrown together by a lot of slovenly heathens?"

"Well, as I was saying, Joseph helped me to build the cabin, and showed me so many things about the habits of the deer, and the bear, and the mountain sheep, and the beavers, and the Injuns, and other wild creatures, that I came to feel quite at home amongst 'em."

"Did the Indians give you no trouble?"

"Not in the least. Somehow they came to understand that I was n't trying to make any money out of 'em, and always after that they treated me with the greatest respect. There are several Utes and Arrapahoes and

a few of the Brule Sioux that I have preached the Gospel to till they have come to be quite civilized and respectable."

"You did not begin by preaching the Gospel to them, I presume?"

"Certainly I did. That's the way to begin if you want to civilize Injuns, or white men either. I know some people have an idee you must begin with soap and water, and trowsers and spelling-books, but that is all lost time. Let an Injun once get a clear idee of Jesus Christ into his head, and he won't be long in washing his face and making himself respectable, and learning to make an honest living."

"Then they found out I was quite a medicine man. That is apostolic, you know. 'Heal the sick,' was part of Christ's commission, as well as 'Cast out devils.' I sometimes think a man has no business to be a physician unless he is called of God, just as he ought to be to do any other Gospel work. All the healing there is in the world is through the grace and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Disease and death would have swept the world bare long ago, if it was n't for the Great Physician. Some people have hard work to believe the miracles of healings that we read about in the Gospels, but it seems to me those were just a few specimens of the cures he is doing all the time, only we do n't often hear him say any thing about 'em."

"There's my junior preacher,—it was he that met you when you first came; he started Sunday morning on a six weeks' round of appointments,—he is a good illustration of what I mean. After a few years there came to be so many people hereabouts that one man could n't get round to 'em all, so I began to ask the Lord to send me a man to help me. I knew it was n't any use to write back to the States for a preacher: nobody would be looking for a parish in such a wilderness as this, where we have to preach the Gospel "from house to house," or, rather, from cabin to cabin; so I began looking for a sound, straight-grained young fellow, with a good head on him; used to the trail, and not afraid of any thing, from a catamount to a gang of Comanche Injuns. I had an idee

that I could pick out the man, and the Lord could convert him, and then we should have about what was wanted.

"One day a man was brought over the range in a blanket, all doubled up with rheumatism, and plumb full of diseases; and, by the way he howled and swore, I thought he must have a legion of devils in him besides. Hows'ever, something seemed to say to me, 'There's your man;' so I went to work at him.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" says I.

"What has that to do with the case?" growled the man. 'I did n't come here to get converted, as you parsons call it, but to be cured. If you can help me, just get right about it, and do n't waste much time either.'

"The case of the man our Lord cured of the palsy came up to my mind so strong that I had n't any doubt but it was for special directions; so I followed 'em.

"You are beginning at the wrong place, my friend," says I. 'Your body is bad enough, but your soul is the sickest patient of the two. All healing comes from the Lord: had n't you better ask him to help me cure you?'

"I am not much acquainted with him," said the man, rather solemn like.

"Just tell me who you are and what you are, and I'll introduce you," says I.

"So he told me his name, and a good deal about his life. He had a godly mother down in Massachusetts; had run away from home to be a soldier in the Mexican war; then he came out to fight Injuns; after that he was a bushwhacker for a couple of years; finally, he got to be a three-card-monte man, and worked at that trade till he broke down into a heap of ruins, and four of his old pals brought him here. They said it was his particular request to be carried to the ranch of the Old Man of the Mountain, dead or alive.

"He grew a good deal tenderer, and did n't put in any curses while he was telling me his story, and I thought that was a good sign; so I told the Lord about him, just as he had told me, confessing his sins for him as well as I could; and after I had got

through, I said 'Here he is, O Lord; I'll let him speak for himself. Amen!'

"The poor man's heart was all broken to pieces. He could n't speak a word for weeping. After a while he says:

"Do you think the Lord would accept what is left of me if I would give it to him?"

"To be sure he would," says I. 'He has often taken poorer property than you are for debt, and made large profits out of it too.'

"Well, then, I wish he would take me.'

"He never takes a man unless he gets the offer of him," says I.

"You know there is n't much difference in sinners so long as they are impenitent; none of 'em are of the least use to the Lord, only to make him trouble. But the minute a sinner repents he is of more value than all the stars of heaven.

"Do you think the Lord could patch me up and make a decent man of me?" says the poor fellow.

"Not at all," says I. "That is n't his way. Repairs won't do; you must have a new creation. Then I read him a few words out of the prophet Ezekiel: 'A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh.'

"That's just what I want," said the poor man.

"Ask for it then," says I. 'What is n't worth asking is n't worth having.' So he began to pray. Oh, it would have done you good to hear him. He choked and broke down pretty often, but I helped him along the best I could, putting in little bits of Scripture that I thought would fit his case; and, sure enough, it was n't long before he broke out praising God, in spite of the awful twinges of pain. I really think he was the happiest mortal I ever saw.

"The next day we took him down to the Pool of Bethesda,—that's what I call it, though I believe it is mostly called the Great Sulphur Spring,—and, in about a week, we had soaked all the rheumatism out of him; but the man was still sick enough to die. It was the settlings of his vices, you see.

"I heered old Doctor Dosor say once that

a medical man was sometimes gifted with a strange power to see right into the body of his patients, so he could tell just what was the matter with him. It was n't any more strange than plenty of things I have seen in my ministry, and I believe it. So I told the Lord that I had done all I could for the man, but still he was n't cured; and asked him to take up the case and go on with it, or else show me how to do it. Just after that the poor man's body seemed to grow transparent. I could see his heart and his lungs and his liver, and so on, just as plain as if they had been taken out and held up before me. I found out just where the main difficulty was; and in about a month the man was fit to mount a pony and go off to preach at Pulpit Rock."

"What did he do for a theological training?" asked Leighton.

"His own experience was the chief thing, to begin with. I heered his first sermon. He took for his text Psalm lxvi, 16; studied up all David says about what God had done for his soul, so he could give it in his own words. Then he went on to tell them what God had done for *his* soul, and finished up by suggesting what his hearers most likely needed to have done for their souls. It was the Gospel personally illustrated. He seemed to know just what was the matter with every man's soul before him, and every time he drew up he shot to kill. You may judge it was a right good sermon, for three of those rough fellows came forward for prayers after it, and every one of 'em found the Lord before he got off his knees."

It was now far on towards the Sabbath, and the Old Man of the Mountain bade them commit themselves to Him who giveth his beloved sleep.

"Do it for us, father," said the guide; whereupon they all knelt down beside the couch on which poor Alex was sleeping, and Father Hooper opened his heart to the Lord on their behalf, praying for them each by name, as if they all were members of his household, and claiming heavenly blessings for them on the ground that they were members of God's household too.

John thought at first of the vast differ-

ence between such praying as this and the elegant addresses to the Throne of Grace which were taught, under the head of Sacred Rhetoric, at Mons Sacer; but presently there came over him such a sense of the divine presence that he was half in doubt for an instant whether he had not suddenly died, and was just about to appear face to face before the King of kings.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE KING COMES TO HIS OWN.

THE next morning, Leighton awoke with a sense of a new life. The air of the mountains was electric, the scenery was entrancing; he had found the man he was seeking; and, above all, he had brought his poor parishioner safely over the trail, to a place where a new, strange hope had been held out for his salvation. He knew enough of the Gospels to remember that different sorts of devils had been cast out by the Lord and his apostles; but, like certain teachers of religion who ought to know better, he believed that the days of miracles were past. When, therefore, the guide related his experience of having the alcohol devil cast out of his body by the spiritual power which seemed to come in answer to Father Hooper's prayers, it opened up a new world to his half-blinded faith. The Mons Sacer god did not do such things; at least, if he did, they never mentioned it on that theological mountain; but that was no reason why the God of these mountains might not be in the habit of going a few steps out of his way sometimes to help a poor mortal in trouble. Much as he hated the deity which the Mons Sacer doctors had evolved from their own theological system, he could not help feeling the deepest reverence for the God who could build such mountains and paint such skies, and at the same time was not above stooping to pull out a poor vagabond who had fallen into the pit of drunkenness, and was too much bruised and weakened to climb out by himself. If he could come to know this God, it would be quite a different thing to be his minister from the ministry that he had all his life imagined and repelled.

Long before sunrise on this Sabbath morn-

ing the Old Man of the Mountain and the other ranchman, who, the guide said, was a sort of lay helper on the great circuit, had started on their ride to the different places where they were to read, preach, and pray; and the guide, after the breakfast was eaten, the animals cared for, and the camp put to rights, followed on their trail. He would at least be in time for afternoon service at Pulpit Rock, and enjoy the homeward ride with his old benefactor. Thus Leighton was left alone with his charge, who, as he thought, was making up for his fearful vigils of the past five days and nights by sleeping straight on through the night and day. John drew aside the tent curtains, so that he might catch sight of the Snowy Range the instant he awoke, which, if a *delirium* were still on him, would be sure to calm his terrors. But he did not wake. All day long, John sat by his side so fully occupied with his own thoughts that the hours flew by almost like swift-winged dreams. Once or twice, as he looked at the sleeping face beside him, he thought it wore a pallor which was something worse than weariness or disease, but he knew of nothing better for the poor lad than sleep, and so he did not try to wake him. Sometimes the sleeping man would moan, like one in great pain; then he appeared to be weeping, like one in great sorrow; then a low murmur was heard, as of a distant voice in earnest prayer, in the midst of which he would suddenly cry out, as if in agony of fright. But still he slept.

When Father Hooper and the guide returned, it was far on towards midnight. Black clouds shut out the light of moon and stars, and they had to make the last five miles in darkness so thick that they could not see the horses under them. But this was nothing new to the Old Man of the Mountain; his pony had traveled that trail in the dark too often to mistake it, and the horse of the guide had nothing to do but follow. At length a couple of lights were seen; one from the window of the ranch, and the other shining through the canvas of the tent. To the latter went both the men; for a candle in a mountain camp at midnight is apt to be a signal of distress.

Alex was still sleeping, if such a fierce struggle with the powers of unseen worlds can be called sleep. In his dreams he was flying from the fiends again; trembling with terror as he thought himself going down, down, down, into the depth of a mountain gorge, where the devils were holding high carnival in honor of his approach. John had made every effort to wake him, but in vain. When the wretched dreamer tried to pray, the fiends would choke him; when he tried to turn and ascend the trail, they massed their force above him to drive him down again. All this appeared from his half-spoken words of prayer and his muttered cries for help, in which he tried to make known his distress.

Father Hooper took in the full sense of the situation at a glance. The wretched man was dying with that acute disease of the brain which sometimes snatches away the victims of alcohol. Years of drunkenness were too much even for the health-giving breezes of the mountains, and now the poor boy's last debauch was acting the parts of witness, judge, jury, and executioner. It was evident that whatever was done for him must be done quickly, for before sunrise he would be out of the reach of mortal aid. The old man called him by his name, but he did not hear; he tried other means of arousing him, but all to no purpose.

"We must pray God to awaken him, since we can not."

Then he knelt down by the side of the dying man, put one hand on his head, and, raising the other to heaven, he prayed:

"O Lord, here is another poor soul whom I should like to see snatched out of the clutches of the enemy; but Satan has him fast. Thou art not willing that any should perish; but how can we preach thy blessed Gospel to him unless thou wilt wake him up, and give him a few rational minutes in which to repent and believe? It looks as if he were going to die before morning, but there is plenty of time for thee to save him. O Lord, make another just such piece of work out of him as thou didst out of the penitent thief, who died on a cross beside thine own. Why not?"

Then, turning to the guide, he said:

"Joseph, pray. Sometimes God will give two people more than he will one; but mind you ask for just the thing we want. This is no time for ceremony; and I think God is just as much in a hurry to have him saved as we are."

Joseph began to pray, and, as he did so, poor Alex began to cry out in agony:

"Faster! faster! We have been going down, down, down, so long! Faster! for God's sake, faster!"

When the guide had finished his prayer, Father Hooper called on Leighton to pray.

"You can pray for him better than the rest of us, because you have worked for him more."

Alas for John! He was on the worst possible terms with the only god he knew, and that was the god of Mons Sacer. But he must have help from Heaven for his poor dying parishioner. Perhaps his *father* could show him a way out of his trouble.

"Faster! faster!" cried the dying man, in tones that almost made his heart stand still.

"Father," said John, in a low voice, with an awful sense of the bending heavens, "how shall I pray?" And a voice by his side, heard only by himself, seemed to answer, "Pray to the God of the mountains." Then, as the cries of poor Alex grew more agonizing, because more feeble, John opened his mouth in prayer, for the first time since that last night in the little cottage in Poverty Lane:

"Oh, thou God of the mountains, show him the Snowy Range!" Then he broke down, and could not speak another word.

"Amen!" responded Father Hooper and the guide.

Then they began to watch for the answer to their prayers. The strength of the dying man was failing fast, his pulse became fluttering and unsteady; the burning fever in his brain gave place to the chill of approaching death. His eyes were open but he saw nothing about him. On his face was that eager, anxious look which it had worn on the march, when, as they climbed out of some deep valley, he watched for the first

glimpse of the snow-capped mountains. All at once a smile lit up his haggard countenance, and his lips moved. John bent down close, and caught the whispered words,—

"There it is,—the city of pearl and gold. There are three crosses on one of the snowy mountains,—on the middle one is Jesus,—and I think—the poor man on the cross at his right hand—looks a little like—me."

The next instant poor Alexander Layard was dead.

Father Hooper looked at the still face, for a few minutes, in silence. Then he spoke:

"When we are sound asleep to this world, we may be widest awake to the other. There is no telling how far the poor lad got on ahead of us all in that long nap. If the angel of the Lord came to wrestle with him and conquer him, and give him a new name and a new nature, it would n't be the first time he has done the like to a man asleep. I have seen the Snowy Range myself when it looked like a ladder of mountains reaching from earth to heaven."

During the next day, Father Hooper and his young friend held long conferences together as to what should be done with the Lord's money. It proved to be a difficult problem, whose solution does not so much concern us as do certain smaller ones under the same rule. Meanwhile the Old Man of the Mountain was anxious to know what disposition his young friend was making of himself; and, in spite of John's persistent reticence and evasions, he became convinced that there was the same old spirit of rebellion in him which had once inspired his mother to defy the Lord. Still, he had only just left the halls of Mons Sacer, and why should he have been in such a place unless he meant to be obedient to his heavenly calling? It was a mystery he could not solve alone, and the young man was too wary to help him.

On the third day they made a grave for poor Alex on the top of the Mount of Olives. John knew very well that there was no one in the mansion of the Layards who would wish to have it otherwise.

"It is the first death among us," said Father Hooper, "so we will consecrate the

spot, and lay his body where we expect to be laid ourselves, my old wife and I. You know the Mount of Olives was the last place where our Lord was seen, and it is to be the first place he visits when he returns. That is why we think the name befits the place of graves. It seems to tell the Lord that we want to catch the very first glimpse of him when he comes back."

Very unlike most burial services was that in use by the Old Man of the Mountain. To his mind, death was not the end of mortal life, but rather a new beginning; therefore, instead of halting his prayers at the grave, and looking backward, he marched straight on over the dead body to talk with the Lord about the living soul.

"I see you believe in prayers for the dead," said John, after the burial was over, and the two men lingered together beside the grave, watching the play of sunset colors on "the city of pearl and gold."

"Not at all, my son."

"But you prayed for poor Alex, just as if he were alive."

"Well, he is alive. I told the Lord about him just as I would if he had come after him himself, instead of sending death to fetch him. It do n't look reasonable that he who once gave his ministers power to bring the dead back again, should regard it as an impertinence in us to beg a kind reception for them when they go to stay. 'Whatsoever ye desire,' is the rule for praying, and I am sure we desired what we asked on behalf of poor Alex. This idea of letting go of our friends when they die, is part of the Sadduceism of these last days. A great many good men, who ought to know better, are trying their best to keep these two worlds apart, but the Lord is all the time trying to bring them together, and I must help him all I can."

John reflected on these curious notions, for a while, and then started a new topic.

"Do you think there is any reason to hope that Alex was one of the elect?"

"Elect to what?"

"Why, to eternal life, I suppose. I used the word as they do at Mons Sacer."

"Ah, yes. The Mons Sacer use of that

word has made no end of mischief. Those doctors who teach that Christ died only for a select number are just the Scribes and Pharisees over again; they think the world's Messiah came to do a very small business at salvation, just as the Jews thought he would come to be the king of the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of nobody else. Hows'ever, that idee did n't suit our Lord at all, for when he gave his disciples their commission, he told them to go into all the world and preach his Gospel to every creature; and I do n't think he has changed his mind about it since. The Jews did n't gain any thing by their exclusiveness, and I never heard as the Mons Sacer people do. If those Scribes and Pharisees had all turned in and helped the Lord to save the whole world, instead of trying to keep every thing for 'the elect,' it would have been a good deal better for 'em, in my way of thinking."

"Then you do not believe in the Mons Sacer deity?"

"No. That is nothing but a theological god. Those doctors, or others like them, have manufactured him out of inferences and logic; but he is a false god, all the same as if they had carved him out of wood or stone. The only difference is, one is the work of men's heads, and the other of their hands."

"Who, then, is your God?"

"The adorable and blessed Trinity, revealed to us in the Scriptures as the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; revealed in nature in an infinite variety of works; revealed also to every man's conscience by special and personal inspirations. For instance, you prayed to him as the God of the mountains, and asked him to show poor Alex the Snowy Range. Seems to me that is a very good name for him. God of Mount Ararat, of Mount Sinai, of Mount Carmel, of Mount Calvary, of Mount Olivet, and Mount Zion! And how glad the poor boy was to catch a glimpse of the Snowy Range that night, when it was so dark no mortal man could see his hand before him! My dear old wife must be right about the name, for the dying man called it the city of pearl and gold, which is, being interpreted, the New Jerusalem."

John had been brought up within sight of all the holy mountains, but his rebellious heart had turned his eyes away from them; then, again, the smoke of the sacrifices on Mons Sacer had blinded him, and it was not till he caught sight of the shining glory of the Snowy Range that the idea of the true God ever entered his soul. His faith could take hold of the God of the mountains, for he had spoken to him and obtained a reply. Thus his heart was opened for a saving faith in our Heavenly Father, our Heavenly Brother, and our Heavenly Comforter.

For a long time after all the rest were gone, Father Hooper and his young friend lingered on the "Mount of Olives," watching in silence the play of the sunset glories on the "New Jerusalem." John was thinking of his long rebellion, and of his awful oath, "Go to hell I can; preach the Gospel I never will." Again he was watching his poor parishioner in his last moments, and hearing his heart-breaking cry, "Faster! faster! We have been going down, down, down, so long." That seemed to be true in his own case, also. Again the whispered words of the dying man came back, "I see three crosses," and he thought what his own place in that vision might have been. He, too, was being crucified; the sorrows of death were compassing him, the pains of hell were getting hold of him; and still, like the impenitent thief, he had been holding out against the Lord.

But how could he refuse his heart's homage to Him by whose death he was redeemed, and by whose life he might live forever? How could he fight against that love divine, which, with patient gentleness, would watch

for a chance to save a penitent gambler in his ruins, a penitent drunkard in *delirium*, or a penitent thief on the cross? It were no loss of liberty to be the subject of such a Sovereign; no loss of honor to be the captive of such a King.

For a long time the struggle of his rebellious heart went on. At length he said:

"Father Hooper, I have been a rebel. I have tried to do every thing for the Lord except to obey. He has been calling me for years, and I refused to come. I did not go to Mons Sacer to prepare for his ministry, but to find more reasons for rejecting it, and, till the day I came to these mountains, I thought I had rejected it forever. But now the Lord seems so different from what I have imagined him. Just think of his helping poor Alex to climb out of the valley of the shadow of death far enough to see the Snowy Range! It's too much! I have defied his judgments, but I can not resist his mercy.

"I do n't know how to pray, but if you will introduce me to the Lord, as you did the junior preacher, I will tell him I surrender. I am ready to obey."

They knelt together beside the new-made grave, and the Old Man of the Mountain tried to pray. There was a strange, warm feeling at his heart, as he lived over again that stormy night, so long ago, when he had brought that dying infant back to life, after giving him to God in holy baptism. It did not seem to be needful to introduce this man to the Lord as he had the other; all he could do was to put his strong arms once more about him, and, with tears of joy, give him to God, with only these words:

"Here, Lord, I bring thee back thine own!"

The End.

THE GIRLHOOD OF MADAME DE STAEL.

YOUTH.

IN sketching the "girlhood" of Madame de Stael, we have thus far traced her through her childhood; we shall follow her now, as far as the paucity of the data will admit, through her youth. We took leave of her last at the home of Buffon, on her way, with her parents, to Plombières.

Much more agreeable must have been their journey, in the Summer of 1784, to Switzerland, which ever afterward seemed to Madame de Stael a sort of native country; for, though she was born, and was to die, in France, in Switzerland were born, and there died, not only her parents, but nearly all her kindred; there was her dearest asylum in the darkest periods of her life; there was to be her own grave; and, notwithstanding her thoroughly French temperament, and the Teutonic element of her blood (so manifest in her more studied works), her *morale* was distinctively Swiss.

Crossing the Jura Mountains (the natural though not the civil boundary of France), the first picture of the glorious land lay extended and radiant beneath her gaze,—the valley of the Rhone; Lake Lemman, flashing in the midsummer sun; the declivities of the Jura, terraced with vineyards and studded with thriving hamlets; Lausanne on the one hand, with its ancient cathedral, Geneva on the other, with the gray towers of St. Peter's, whence had gone forth influences so dominant in the thought of all Protestant Christendom. Defining the background of the magnificent picture, the Alps stretched their snow-covered summits along the south; Mont Blanc, lifting his head to the heavens, sovereign of them all. Far to the left, quietly reposed, on the margin of the lake, Vevay, Clarens, the castle of Chillon, the rocks of Meillerie, scenes of Rousseau's most powerful romance,—an author whom the young traveler was now not merely reading, but studying, with a heart full of enthusiasm, and upon whose genius she was meditating her first published book, a volume

which was soon to surprise the world with the extraordinary though immature luxuriance of her own genius. On the western margin of the lake lay Coppet, with its humble church, its few habitations, under the shelter of its spacious chateau,—her future Swiss home, but not yet in possession of the family. They now located near Lausanne, in which city Necker was about to publish his "Administration des Finances." His wife was suffering severely from her life-long malady, but she was absorbed in cares for the comfort of her husband; her daughter's happiness, she writes, is independent of her maternal attentions, for the reason that "she is carried along in the torrent of her pleasures."

After passing some time at Coppet, they prolonged their absence into Winter, by travels in other parts of Switzerland and in the south of France; for Madame Necker was quite willing to keep her daughter, now advancing in her brilliant youth, as long as possible away from the moral atmosphere of Paris. She had written to Lord Starmont: "Paris appears to me more dangerous than ever, now that my daughter is growing into womanhood, and that I find myself obliged to war without ceasing, by individual example, against the general example,—a combat of unequal and of doubtful success. I am every day astonished at the moral perversion which withers all minds and all hearts. Vices or virtues all are alike indifferent, provided only conversation is animated, and ennui, our most dreaded plague, is banished." They spent some time at Avignon, under a sky so pure and transparent that it seemed "one ought always to pierce the azure veil, and find beyond it all the consolations one needs." But the vices of Paris are rampant here also; "they have even lost some of their polite disguises on the way." The opinions and corruptions of the capital have long been inundating the provinces; social, and especially domestic, life was dissolving,

and the whole nation was hastening on to the abyss of its political dissolution.

They go to Montpellier, in sight of the Mediterranean and the Pyrenees. They are deeply interested in the fervid life of the South; they hear impassioned eloquence from its pulpits, from bishops and archbishops, especially from the Bishop of Narbonne. They receive refreshing letters from their Parisian literary friends. Madame Necker replies to one of these who had visited the family in Switzerland: "Monsieur Necker, my daughter, and I think of you without ceasing. He says often that you have rendered our sojourn at Coppet delightful. It is in retirement that one feels the preciousness of genius and friendship, as one hears best in the silence of the night the sound of the sea or the song of the nightingale."

By tracing allusions in their letters, and by other obscure clues, we learn that they turned toward Paris in 1785, and lived for some time in comparative solitude at Marolles, not far from the city. Here their retreat was "quiet, as no movement reached it. All things around being tranquil, the soul is also." It befitted the studious habits of Mademoiselle Necker, who, having without the aid of schools far surpassed the usual academic culture, and ranged over the fields of both ancient and modern literature, now aspired to authorship and literary distinction. Her occasional brief compositions—"Portraits," "Eloges," "Synonymes"—had been read with avidity in private circles of her friends, and some of them, as we have seen, had been sent by Grimm to his royal correspondents, as promises of extraordinary genius. Her conversation and letters showed rapidly maturing powers. Madame Necker, still suffering from ill health, had devolved her correspondence upon her daughter, whose brilliant letters brought back replies full of ardent admiration. The mother, on answering one of these admirers, not without a tinge of jealousy (ironical, let us trust, in this instance), wrote: "The first days after my arrival have been very sad; I have left to my daughter the happiness of writing to you, but she has received a too charming letter from you, and I do not wish that she

should inherit from me before I am no more. One can make little presents during life, but we give all our property only when we die."

In the year after her return from her Southern travels, Mademoiselle Necker completed a drama in three acts, and in verse, entitled "*Sophia, or Secret Sentiments*." It is pervaded, says her cousin, by a "sweet and melancholy sensibility;" but, though it has the excess, the sentimentalism, of a juvenile production, the whole piece is marked by the presages of genius. It is handled with great moral delicacy, yet it did not escape the rigorous criticisms of Madame Necker. It presents four characters clearly delineated, four well defined situations; and its style, though incorrect, as its authoress remarked, when, in later years, she gave it to the world, bears, nevertheless, the stamp of that vigorous originality which was the distinguishing seal of all her maturer works.

The next year her genius, now restless in its aspirations, attempted a more ambitious flight. She composed her tragedy of "*Jane Grey*," in her customary five acts, a few examples of which were printed, three years later, for private distribution. Its style, though defective, as she acknowledges in the preface, shows a surprising improvement on that of her "*Sophia*," as do also its characters, and, indeed, all the essential attributes of the piece. She has veraciously followed history, except in the character of Pembroke. That of Northumberland has been admired as revealing astonishing power, "if we consider the age of the writer." There is genuine pathos in some of the scenes, and not a few passages are written with an energy of thought and feeling unsurpassed in her later writings. This, it has been remarked, is her only work in which we find "a picture animated with happiness," its early scenes admit of such a treatment notwithstanding its tragic conclusion. It reveals also that religious tendency which habitually characterized the heart of its writer; "for, as she had always," says her cousin, "need of gratitude, and by consequence of religion, in happiness, she gave to the character of '*Jane Grey*' a deeply religious coloring." From her childhood

she had ardent sympathies with her heroine. "In reading her history," she says, "her character has transported me. I was about her age when I attempted to paint it, and her youth encouraged mine. I longed to be able to make others share my admiration of that union of force and sensibility which enabled her to brave death while prizing life." She recurs to her, a quarter of a century later, in her "Reflections on Suicide," to show that the prospect of a frightful death is not, to a true Christian, a sufficient reason for ending one's days. A second tragedy, entitled "Montmorency," quickly followed that of "Jane Grey," but it has never been given to the public. These juvenile works are interesting chiefly as indications of her growing intellect. Imperfect as they are, they are instinctive with her genius. With them ended her attempts at versification on any considerable scale, if we except her "Epître au Malheur, ou Adèle et Edouard," relating to the atrocities of the Revolution, and published in 1795.

Before she was twenty years old, she composed three tales, which were published with this poem,—*"Mirzia," "Adelaide and Theodore,"* and *"Pauline."* She did not overrate their worth; their situations are rather indicated than developed. She says in her preface, "their only merit is their pictures of some sentiments of the heart." That tragic tone, which pervades all her writings, is extreme in these fictitious sketches. The chief importance of the little volume is in its introduction, which is a critical essay, of remarkable ability, on fictitious literature, written at a later date, but certainly in her early womanhood. It indicates an incredible range of reading, and equally incredible depth of reflection on her reading. Saint Beuve calls it a "charming essay." It reviews nearly all the great works of this kind which had appeared, down to her day, in any language: classifying them, first, as fictitious, marvelous, and allegorical; second, historical; third, those which have both invention and imitation, but are founded not so much upon fact as upon probability. She gives pre-eminence, as works of art, to such as are

truly natural romances, exhibiting the real action of human affections and passions, without allegory, without mythology, without fantastic or fairy machinery, and without an obtrusive philosophic or didactic purpose.

Her "Eulogy on M. de Guibert" is characterized by much of the enthusiasm which pervades her "Letters on Rousseau," and by the nascent genius displayed in that production. Guibert was the hero of the famous letters of Mademoiselle Lespinasse, a fact not yet known, however, to his young eulogist. There was much nobleness in his character, and he had rare talents, as his writings show. He was an habitual guest of the Necker salon, and in full sympathy with Necker's political opinions; one of the first, says Saint Beuve, "to conceive the ideas and means of public reform,—the States General, the citizen soldiery," etc. "But," adds this writer, "I am the more pleased with him for having foreseen with certainty, and declared in advance, by a 'Portrait,' the future greatness of Corinne." She had, probably, still stronger reasons for her interest in him. Years later, when in England, she intimated to a friend that Guibert "had been very much in love with her before her marriage." Though she could not reciprocate his affection, she could appreciate it; for a woman, especially such a woman, always feels herself complimented by love, though it may be incapable of winning her heart, or, perhaps, even her esteem. It is at least a homage to her attractions, and that is a tribute which no woman can despise.

Such were the tentative productions of her juvenile pen before she dared to send forth the superior, though still defective, "Letters on the Writings and Character of Rousseau," which were to be the first published demonstration of her superb genius.

During the time of Necker's first "disgrace," the interval of his first and second administrations (1781-1788), his daughter passed through the most interesting period of her youth,—from her fifteenth to her twenty-second year. Through her keen sympathies with her father, she received the salutary discipline of affliction; her

retired life enabled her to prosecute extensive studies, and the country air restored her health. Saint Beuve mentions an unpublished portrait which he had seen, representing her in her early youth, with her hair loose and floating in the air; eyes confiding and bathed in light; forehead high; lips open, speaking, and moderately thick, "in sign of intelligence and generosity;" complexion animated by sentiment; neck and arms naked; costume light, with a ribbon floating at the waist; bosom respiring, with full breath. "Such," he says, "might be the Sophie of the 'Emile;' such the author of the 'Letters sur Jean Jacques,' accompanying her guide in her Elysium, excited at every step, advancing and returning without ceasing,—now on the one side, now on the other."

In her eighteenth year, she is described by the Duchess d'Abrantes as "so mature a woman that they could justly pronounce the judgment which declared her to be one of the most luminous spirits of the times; she eclipsed all who came near her, and seemed rightfully the mistress of the house." The same authority, speaking of her appearance in her twentieth year, says: "Her figure was admirable; her shoulders, her bust, her arms and hands, were of a rare beauty. She had, in her mien and her physiognomy, all that poetry of soul which she afterward displayed in her writings. Without being beautiful, she was already the model after which Gérard painted his 'Corinne,' twenty years later; having the same richness of form and health, the same purity of lines, those contours, powerfully rounded, which express a poetic organization." "Young as she was (in 1788), she had a fascination very powerful, and felt by all who approached her." Her cousin says that she was graceful in all her movements; her countenance, without satisfying entirely the eye at first, attracted it, and then retained it by a rare charm, for it quickly displayed a sort of ideal or intellectual beauty. No one feature was salient enough to determine, in advance, her character or mode, except her eyes, which were truly magnificent; but her varying thoughts painted themselves in ever varying expression

on her face. It had, therefore, no one permanent expression; her physiognomy was, so to speak, created by the emotion of the moment. In repose, her eyelids had something like heaviness or languor; but a flash of thought would illuminate her glances with a sudden fire, a sort of lightning, fore-running her words. There was, however, no unquiet mobility about her features; a kind of exterior indolence characterized her; but her vigorous figure, her firm and well-adjusted attitudes, added to the great force and singular directness of her discourse. There was, meanwhile, something dramatic in her bearing; and even her toilet, though exempt from exaggeration, gave an idea of the picturesque more than the mode or fashion. Some of those negligent caprices or eccentricities usually attributed to persons of genius were reported of her about this period, though no similar faults were imputed to her in her maturer life. It is said that, at her presentation at court, the courtiers, who were familiar with her reputation, amused themselves over a fault in her "reverence," and a slight derangement of her robe; and in a visit, a few days later, to the Duchess de Polignac, a confidante of the Queen, "she forgot her bonnet, leaving it in her carriage." The feminine gentlemen and masculine ladies of the court, envious of her rising fame, and disliking her father, found occasion for self-complacent criticism, for rebuke and sarcasm, in such barbarous defects. She herself repeated these reports to her friends with equal self-complacency.

When she entered a salon, her step was measured and dignified; a slight diffidence seemed to require her to aim at self-control, especially if her introduction attracted many eyes. As if this passing cloud of embarrassment had prevented her from distinguishing, at first, the individuals of the company, her face became illuminated in proportion as she recognized them. A listener would suppose that she had inscribed on her mind all their names, and very soon those charming words of which she was so generous showed that the most distinguished acts or qualities of each were present to her thoughts.

Her praises proceeded from the heart, and therefore reached it. She knew how to compliment without flattering. It was a maxim with her, that "politeness is the art of choosing among one's real thoughts."

Her whole demeanor was marked by a disposition to oblige; there were abundant wit and vivid repartee, but no chicanery, and, especially, no severity in her expressions. "Her cordiality imposed silence on self-love," and her superior sense imposed it on self-conceit, but pride itself could not feel resentful toward her; for her perfect sincerity and instinctive kindness and good humor won all hearts. A writer who knew her in her childhood and her advanced life says, that, "among her most remarkable qualities, her *bonhomie* held, perhaps, the first rank." This singular conciliatory power, united to an intellectual superiority, which seldom fails to provoke envious criticism, was doubtless much enhanced by a certain tenderness and sadness which habitually intoned her thoughts, and often appeared suddenly in her gayest conversation. Her sensibilities were quicker even than her thoughts. Society, conversation, were a necessity of her nature; she needed distraction, for a constitutional pensiveness, not to say melancholy, hung continually about her; it was mitigated by years, but was never totally dispelled.* It was a powerful element of her genius, and gave a rich poetic coloring to all her writings. She usually retired from company in which she had conversed much, with sensible relief. "This relief," says her cousin, "was necessary to her very being. The conservative instinct of her talent repelled dullness or depression. Perhaps her constitution, more sensitive than was supposed, required the stimulus of distraction, for a sort of terror seized her at the thought of the stagnation of existence. In her youth she could not support solitude; and the melancholy impressions, which are painted with so much beauty in her works, were,

with her, formidable realities." It was only very late in life, when she was able to hold in abeyance the phantoms created by her imagination, that she could, according to her own expression, "live in society with nature." In consequence, *ennui*, which, in society or elsewhere, is a solitude in which one has not even his normal self for company, was extremely dreaded by her. It sufficed not that her associates were intellectual, they must be animated. She could not be content if they spoke without interest. "How can they expect me to listen," she said, "if they do themselves not the honor to listen to themselves!" She could endure better certain defects of character or manner than heartlessness, or a lack of interest in the speaker. She said of an egotist, "He speaks, indeed, only of himself, but this does not oppress me, for I am sure, at least, that he is interested in what he says." She delighted in humor, though there is hardly a trace of it in her writings. She showed a sort of tenderness, a vivid gratitude, for those who cheered her by their conversation. A *bonmot*, a comic story, a brilliant epigram, charmed her. Piquancy, originality, imagination, these pleased her above all else; they gave spring to her mind, wings to her genius. A single marked trait or talent in any of her associates was more valued by her than any combination of mediocre qualities, however numerous.

Talents in others always prompted her own. She was never dispirited in conversation by the brilliancy of competitors; but with a simple candor, a charming abandon, she gave herself up to the inspiration of their powers, and shone the brighter for the combination of their light with hers. This simplicity, this utter frankness of her soul, was an infinite charm. Never has the etymological significance of the word sincerity had a finer exemplification. Hence, her self-reliance never appeared like egotism; it was perfect, and yet apparently without self-consciousness, like that of the ascending, singing lark, which doubts not its power of wing because it thinks not of it. She had no reason to fear rivals in conversation; her superiority there was supreme. "This illus-

* The last and unfinished sentence in her "Ten Years of Exile," written in her forty-sixth year, reads, "I have always been strangely subject to *ennui*, and, far from knowing how to occupy myself, in these entirely void moments, which seem destined only to study. . ."

trious woman," says a good authority, "personified the eloquence of conversation in the country where that brilliant gift was the most vividly appreciated."

In the more strictly moral qualities of her nature she was hardly less admirable. Though, during this period of her young womanhood, she showed no very positive disposition to self-assertion on religious subjects, her heart ever turned towards them. Her mind was never theological, but always religious. Her father's influence could not fail to determine her inclination in this direction. The authority just cited, says: "The daughter of Necker, notwithstanding the energy and originality of her nature, received a strong impression from the philosophic society which surrounded her youth, yet the skepticism of that arid and railing philosophy was utterly repugnant to the fervor and loyalty of her soul; and, with her, all convictions took, on the contrary, the intensity and ardor of faith. As she ripened in experience, and was cured of the intoxications and illusions of youth, she was more and more led to the Christian beliefs, the precepts of which were blended in her soul with her filial tenderness." "She could not," says her cousin, as already cited, "separate, in her experience, religion from happiness;" and that highly gifted woman adopted, as the epigraph on the title-page of her important work on education, a sentence, from Madame de Stael, which expresses her whole theory of human life: "Life is valuable only so far as it serves for the religious education of the heart."

Madame Necker de Saussure has preserved for us a sketch of her, as she appeared about this time, to her admirers at least; one of those "Portraits," the reading of which, in the salons of Paris, was a favorite literary entertainment of the period. They abound in the fugitive literature of the times; and though they were, of course, generally eulogistic, their success depended upon their *vraisemblance*. This one was from the pen of M. de Guibert, whom we have already had occasion to notice as a familiar guest of the Necker salon, and eminent in both the society and literature of that day. He

wrote it after the model of a Greek poem, but, aside from its poetry, it may be pronounced a true likeness:

"She is but twenty years old, but she is the most celebrated priestess of Apollo, and the favorite of the god,—the one whose hymns and incense are the most agreeable to him. Her words bring him down from heaven to glorify his temple and mingle with mortals.

"From amidst the consecrated maidens, the choir of the priestesses, suddenly advances one. My heart will always remember her. Her great black eyes are radiant with genius; her hair, of the hue of ebony, falls in floating ringlets on her shoulders; her features are more strongly marked than delicate,—one sees in them something above the destiny of her sex. Such it would be necessary to paint the Muse of Poetry, or Clio or Melpomene. 'See her! see her!' all cry when she appears; and they hold their breath to hear her. I had seen the Pythia of Delphi; I had seen the Sibyl of Cumæ, but they were extravagant; their movements were convulsive; they appeared less inspired by a god than devoted to the Furies. This young priestess is animated without excess, inspired without intoxication; her charm is freedom, and her supernatural powers seem to belong to her own nature. Uniting her voice with the sounds of her lyre, made of ivory and gold, she began to sing the praises of Apollo. Her words and music were spontaneous. In the celestial fire of the poetry, which kindled her aspect, and the profound attention of the people, we could see that her imagination created the song; and, astonished and enchanted, we knew not which most to admire, its facility or its perfection. Then, laying aside her lyre, she spoke of the great truths of nature, of the immortality of the soul, of liberty, of the charm and danger of the passions. In hearing her, one would be disposed to say that many persons, many experiences, were mingled in her one soul. In observing her youth, we were ready to ask how she had been able thus to anticipate life, and to exist before her birth? I have seen and heard her with transport; I

have discovered in her features charms superior to beauty. What a play and variety in her physiognomy! What modulations of her voice! What perfect accord between her thoughts and expressions! When she speaks, if her words can not reach me, her tones, her gestures, and her looks suffice to convey to me her meaning. She pauses a moment, her last words sound through my soul, and I discover in her eyes what she has yet to say. She is finally silent, and the temple resounds with applause; her long eyelashes shade her eyes of fire,—and the sun is veiled from our sight."

Attractive by rare endowments of mind and heart, with personal charms greater than those of beauty, and, withal, one of the richest heiresses of France, Mademoiselle Necker could not fail of suitors. Her marriage, however, was quite a difficult family question. Her mother was not willing that she should marry a Roman Catholic; and the opportunities most eligible, aside from religion, seemed almost confined to the high Catholic families of the country. The daughter's passionate affection for her father led her to insist that she should not be separated from him. These difficulties were compromised, at last, by their accepting Eric Magnus, Baron de Stael Holstein, a Swede of moderate fortune, but of generous character, of solid instruction, of philosophic tastes, and zealously devoted to the reforms which then occupied the attention of the enlightened classes of French society; a man of handsome person, of accomplished manners, and of good official prospects. He was born in 1749, was a military officer some fourteen years, was chamberlain to the Queen of Sweden, and a chevalier de l'épée, was made a councilor to the Swedish legation at the court of France in 1778, appointed charge d'affaires in 1783, and subsequently Minister Plenipotentiary, and finally ambassador. At the time of his marriage, he was thirty-seven years old, his bride was but twenty; but the disparity of their ages was no serious consideration, especially in view of the marriages of "convenience" then customary in France, which usually made little or no account of the age of the husband. It

was not, however, a marriage of love, on the part of the bride at least. It is supposed that the motive for consenting to it was her affection for her father, for whom she was always ready to make any sacrifice. The Baron de Stael was a fervent advocate of Necker's political opinions, and was devoted to his official interests.

He was a Protestant, and willing to concede Mademoiselle Necker's demand that she should never be separated from her parents. He was a favorite at the court of Versailles, especially with Marie Antoinette, and could probably promote the interests of Necker there. He was the friend and confidant of Count Fersen, who was especially influential at court. The Queen of France encouraged the marriage, and induced Gustavus III of Sweden to promise the Baron an indefinite continuance in the legation at Paris, in order that he might fulfill his pledge to the family, not to withdraw their daughter from the country. In fine, the match seemed at the time every way eligible, if it could only be one of real affection. Mademoiselle Necker may have been able to see no more worthy opportunity in the French society around her, or she may have deceived her own heart, through her devotion to her father's interests. She was married in 1786.

Necker was recalled to office in August, 1788. He was now more than ever the idol of the nation. The vague sense of impending disaster, the general though unacknowledged suspicion that the national fate was hopeless, seemed to give way before a man who, if he had not great abilities, had, nevertheless, great character. Corrupt as the nation was, it appeared to hope that virtue, if not talent, might yet save it. Again the minister's family shone amidst the *éclats* of Parisian life. Again the Necker salon was thronged in the metropolis and at St. Ouen. If the devoted wife, thoughtful of coming events, moved more gravely, more reticently, in the brilliant circle, the daughter, the freshness and charms of whose girlhood were only enhanced by her recent matronhood, became its presiding genius. Proud of the restored honor of her father, hopeful of all things,

in spite of all omens, ebullient with genius and the homage of distinguished men, she not only led its conversations, but assumed there her first honors as an author.

In the year of her father's restoration, her "Letters on the Writings and Character of Rousseau" were printed, for private circulation among her friends. Only twenty copies were issued, but it was reprinted and published the next year. To us this little volume is interesting chiefly as her first published work, an index to her youthful mind. To herself it always had another interest. In her second preface, written more than a quarter of a century later (1814), she says: "It was published without my avowal, and by this hazard was I led into the career of literature. I can not say that I regret it, for the cultivation of letters has afforded me more consolations than chagrins. One's self-love must be intense if unfavorable criticism gives more pain than eulogies give pleasure; and, besides this pleasure, there is in the development and perfection of one's mind a continual activity, a hopefulness always renewed, that the ordinary course of life never offers. All things move towards declension in a woman's life, except the power of thinking, the immortal nature of which tends always to its own elevation."

After all deductions for its juvenile enthusiasm and occasional excesses of style, this first of her printed writings is a very remarkable production for so young a mind. It was a sudden apparition of a new star in the intellectual heavens. However obnoxious to criticism by its many and obvious faults, no critic could mistake its significance as an indication of rare genius. Madame Necker de Saussure justly and as finely remarks, that "in it we see all the vivacity of a youthful intellect, and the highest charm of such a mind; namely, both what it is, and what it will be; there is deposited the germ of all the opinions that Madame de Stael has since developed. We see in it a thinker, a moralist, a woman who can paint the passions, though as yet confusedly. She ranges over an immense field of ideas; she illustrates, in passing, a crowd of subjects; and though her steps are directed by those

of Rousseau, she accompanies him by a movement so light and so rapid, she crosses and surpasses him so often, that one sees she has been prompted rather than sustained by him. She speaks always from the exuberance of her mind; she yields to the uncontrollable expansion of her soul; and we see that, if she had chosen another theme, she might have written with as much facility and as much eloquence. Whatever inspiration Rousseau gives her, she maintains the independence of her mind. She scatters profusely her own opinions, though she expresses them with the graceful embarrassment of a young woman who evidently fears that she has displayed too much force. In fine, notwithstanding some immature judgments, she is already astonishingly herself in this book."

Baron Grimm was favored, as an habitual guest of the Necker salon, with one of the twenty copies of the first edition of the "Letters." His antipathy to Rousseau, founded in personal recollections, was intense, but he could not fail to admire the genius of the young eulogist, and sent pages to his royal correspondents. "It is a production," he says, "which, in any circumstances, or by any author, would be important, but which is especially admirable as coming from a young woman of twenty years." He cites as proofs her criticism on Rousseau's style, her analysis of his several works; and, especially, the letter on his "Emilie," as presenting a "crowd of fine and profound ideas." If the first four letters fail not to excite the astonishment of the reader by the extent and maturity of mind which they display, still more surprising, he thinks, is her criticism of the "Contrat Social," and of similar speculations of Rousseau. Grimm can not withhold "the sentiment of his admiration, and pronounces the book a charming work." Its critical judgments can not, however, be accepted in our day. Time has determined more justly the character and influence of Rousseau's writings. Madame de Stael herself would, doubtless, have given a very different estimate of them had she written the "Letters" in her maturer life.

Her sympathies with Rousseau's political speculations led her to sympathize with the early tendencies of the Revolution, for Rousseau was the oracle of the leaders of that great movement, and his "Contrat Social" was their manual. Fundamentally erroneous as his theory of government may be, it, nevertheless, includes many of the essential principles of political justice and liberty, and never had they been more clearly formulated or more enthusiastically advocated. Her young soul caught his enthusiasm, and, like many of the best thinkers of the period,—like Jefferson, Franklin, and most of the American statesmen, and Fox and Mackintosh in England,—she saw in the attempt of the French to embody some of his opinions in the Revolution, a new epoch in history,—an epoch of liberation and regeneration for Europe. She had sadly enough to qualify her hopes, amid the phrenetic excesses which soon drove her from her country, but she never materially qualified her opinions. She lived and died an advocate of the rights of the people, as co-ordinate with the rights of their rulers. She was a conservative Liberalist, and never ceased to assert the claims of liberty against the usurpations and tyranny of Napoleon I.

Reinstated in the highest society of the metropolis, an ambassador's wife, a minister's daughter, and a recognized writer, she entered heartily into the political excitements and events of the day.

But here we must drop the curtain. We have traced her through her "Girlhood,"—her childhood and youth,—and our title restricts us to this period of her remarkable life. The Revolution follows, and she is to face its unparalleled atrocities and terrors; to become heroic by her perils and self-sacrifice for her friends; to be a persecuted exile through the whole history of the First Empire; to write books, meanwhile, which are to surprise Europe by her genius: her treatise on the "Passions," her "Influence of Literature on Social Institutions," her "Delphine," "Corinne," "Germany," her "Considerations on the French Revolution," her "Ten Years of Exile, etc." She is to attain an intellectual power and a literary distinction which are to extort from Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review* (at first her adverse critic), the opinion that she was the greatest of French writers, after Voltaire and Rousseau, and the greatest of all female writers, up to that period, in the history of the world.

THE KINDRED OF GENIUS.

THE great minds of all time live in a mystical brotherhood. Sublimity of conception and nobility of purpose, love, alike for truth and humanity, unite them in a charmed circle. Prophet and philosopher, musician and sculptor, poet and painter, are associated in a common fellowship of heroic devotion and kingly power. As mental and spiritual kinsmen, these men of genius understand and appreciate one another. Tender sympathies flow between them; wealth of inner experiences, as a chain, binds these delicately fibered souls together; and they toil on, hand in hand, and unitedly climb to the summit of renown. As the same spirit animates each of them, and the same God appoints and crowns their work,

so it seems to be ordained that they shall hold up one another's hands, that beauty and truth may further each the other.

Glancing at the history of the great nations of the earth, we find literature and art intimately associated. Both are molded by the sentiments and customs of their age; both share in the fortunes of political strifes or national peace, and each devotes its fullness of soul to the demands of the hour. The charm of Grecian art has never vanished from the world,—and its spell has never been broken. In every age and clime whither it has been brought, it has become a power, and has awakened in men's souls a love of the ideal and the beautiful. To the perfecting of Grecian art every thing seemed

to conspire. Nature, in all her loveliness, lay about the hills and valleys of the land of its nativity, while freedom to think and speak was every one's heritage. And, while nature brought its offerings of beauty, the poet had but to select his theme, and the painter to employ his pencil or brush, and the reward was renown, glory, and immortality. The temples of the gods were sanctuaries of poetry and galleries of art. The ear was charmed with the songs of the bards, and the eye was delighted with the forms of beauty that glowed on the canvas of the painters. The pictorial and the poetical arts being thus crowned and enthroned together, their votaries became fast friends. Homer and Phidias together ascended the Acropolis, or visited the mart. The house of Fulvius was filled with the rarest gems of art, and often does he celebrate the name of his favorite painter, while, in turn, the painter embodied on his canvas the bright imaginings of the poet.

In Italy, in later times, art attained to its highest development, and won its greatest glory; while, contemporaneously, poetry took to itself new life, and found a whole nation to do it honor. The poet and the painter, alike enamored of the beautiful, together looked out upon the fair landscape or watched the setting sun from the same Alpine heights. Dante, the poet, counselor of Giotto, bows with him before the same humble shrine. Raphael associated habitually, and on terms of intimate fellowship, with Ariosto. When the prevalence of the plague in Italy broke off the ties of mere conventionalities, but drew kindred souls more closely together, Titian and Aventino were inseparable. Michael Angelo found consolation as well as inspiration in the society of the poetess Vittoria Colonna.

Coming a little nearer to our own age and country, we shall find that in Western Europe, and among our own kindred, the warmest and most enduring friendships have subsisted among the devotees of diverse but kindred arts. Allston and Coleridge are seen together visiting an old suburban palace, and discoursing together—now of the most abstruse metaphysics, and

anon of the beautiful—far down into the silent night. With the gallantry of a knight-errant, we see Ruskin defending the sensitiveness of Turner, and bidding the unappreciative age to value the pictures of that artist as pearls of rare value. When Keats lay dying at Rome, far from all his natural kindred, Severi kept vigil by his couch and received his parting words. Irving's genius was akin to Leslie's, and they were friends together. Allston became the spiritual center of a bright communion of diverse but kindred artists, who were there thrown together by their common affinities. Mutual and parallel in the world's history, and in the development of men's noblest capabilities, stand the trophies of poetry and painting.

We gaze upon the Apollo Belvidere, and are magnetized by the full-souled animation of its expression; and then we listen to "Il Penseroso," to become captivated by its gentle imagery and its silver rhymes. We stand rapt in the sense and sentiment of beauty before the Sistine Madonna, and again we are merged in the depths of the subtle thoughts of Shakespeare. Dante's "Beatrice," Goethe's "Marguerite," Raphael's "St. Cecilia," and Murillo's "Virgin," produce in us the same sentiments of love, sorrow, and aspiration. Poetry and painting are alike the "reaching forth after the possibilities of faith and imagination," and herein lies the scope and direction of each toward the ideal and spiritual; and, when duly instructed, godward. To impart to the world the hidden light of truth, and the excellence of beauty; to ennoble the intellect, and to free the soul from the clogs and shackles of a gross materialism,—this is the one heaven-appointed mission of the poet and the painter; and to "the man whose eyes are open," the Father of light and the God of beauty is seen not more clearly in the stupendous or the beautiful in nature, than in the creations of genius, whether in picture or statue or poem, or the grand harmonies of song. But in the presence of these, the soul, lifted into a higher and more spiritual form of thought and feeling, is hushed into worship in the presence of the Infinite.

AMONG THE LOGGERS.

IN the Winter of 1853, I was in Bangor. It was January, and bitterly cold, with two feet depth of snow on the ground. A friend, who had some teams in the woods on the Union River, above Ellsworth, some sixty miles away, which he was about to join the next week, invited me to accompany him, with the promise of some deer-shooting,—an invitation that was very readily accepted. Though I had seen a good deal of the lumber business, had “run” millions by rafts down the river, and had listened to the monotonous music of the saw-mills, and had learned to stand at “the tail of the carriage,” and had handled the “crow,” and could “set the log,” yet I had never witnessed the process of cutting and hauling logs in the forest. When one sees a pile of lumber, or cuts up a board, he has very little notion of the amount of labor and suffering and peril associated with its preparation, from the time when the ax of the woodman is first struck into the tree, in the remote forest, until the completely prepared board or plank or joist is run out of the tail of the mill. A lumber-man’s life is a romance, an idyl of the forest, an heroic poem. In the stillness and quietude of the primeval forests, artificial forms and hollow conventionalities are laid aside, and men become as natural as are their surroundings,—perhaps, sometimes as rough and uncultivated.

But to our excursion. Monday morning opened with a clear sky and a bright sunshine, and with the thermometer only a little more than thirty below zero,—which was an improvement as compared with its standing for some time past,—with not a breath of air stirring. An early breakfast was eaten, and already the gray mare was at the door,—but not at rest. It was her master’s rule that she should never be hitched, and well did she justify his confidence in her fidelity. But now she was uneasy, in the intense cold, and kept walking backward and forward before the door, turning the

sleigh with as much care as any old teamster could have shown. Two years before, I had been in Bangor, when, one day, I took this fine animal to make a call in the suburbs; but, as I set out, her master called after me, “Do n’t tie her.” When I reached the house, as it was snowing rapidly, I covered her up snugly with the blanket, and went in. Coming out again, some twenty minutes later, neither the beast nor the sleigh was in sight. “She has gone to her stable,” I said, “and no great harm will come of it.” And, as I was in no haste about beginning my homeward walk, I returned into the house, and remained there for a short time. But when I again came out, to begin my walk, there stood “Lady,” who had only been walking hither and thither, to keep off the cold. And now this was the creature that was to take us over a sixty-five miles’ journey before dark.

I had on a second overcoat of fur, and overshoes with leggings that came up to the hips, and mufflers about the neck, and the whole pile was surmounted by a fur cap, and yet I had sufficient evidence that the day was cold; for, among other proofs, was the freezing of the eyelashes together more than once during the day. We were soon beyond the last settlement, and then we plunged into the silent and somber forest. Late in the afternoon we struck Union River, and then its frozen surface became our highway; and, as the shadows of the evening were closing around us, we drove into the door of the camp, just as the men, with their splendid ox teams, were coming in, chatting and shouting as for a holiday, and the journey was accomplished. And now came the first meal in the camp, for which our all-day’s ride had given us an excellent appetite. Baked beans, warm biscuits, and tea, served in tin-cups, sweetened with molasses, made up a bill of fare which an epicure would have relished, if as hungry as were we; and then, after thoroughly warming ourselves by the “piled-up” fire

of logs, we were quite as ready for our beds as we had been for our suppers.

A lumber-man's camp is a very considerable structure, an institution, as our further description will show. It is single or double, according as the number of men to be accommodated is more or less. This one contained twenty men, and it was a double one, with the fire-place midway, and the sleeping-rooms on either side. The building is constructed of spruce-logs, squared eight or ten inches thick, and notched at the corners of the building, and laid close together, the interstices being filled in with moss. The inside of this one was sealed with strips of riven cedar, closely fitted together; the roof is very steep, and is covered with long strips of spruce or hemlock bark, laid upon poles, and, in some cases, with shingles; and, in either instance, it is quite water-proof. An opening in the middle of the roof, three or four feet across, and above which is a chimney made of poles, piled crosswise, carries off the smoke. Four large bowlders, laid at the corners of a square, in the middle of the house, form the fire-place, upon which a half-cord of wood, burning briskly, is sufficient to banish the cold of the frostiest night in winter.

Of later years, huge cooking-stoves have appeared in some of the camps of the lumber-men, and in one, on the Rumadumcock River, where we passed a Sabbath, in one of our Penobscot excursions, we found, in addition, an immense box-stove, by which the inclosure could be thoroughly warmed and the smoke carried off. But yet the open fire is the most truly orthodox arrangement for a genuine lumber-camp. On each side of this, with its pile of blazing logs, run two long seats, made of heavy hewn planks; and in one corner, separated by a partition of boards, is the cook's pantry. A rough counter of boards, running across one side, serves for a table, and on the side opposite to this is the door, the only way of ingress or egress to this woodman's palace. A small lake affords the necessary supply of water, which is obtained by cutting through the deep ice.

The surface of the land in these parts is uneven, and every-where covered with dense

evergreen thickets, among which are scattered vast bowlders, which, now being covered with snow, resembled the white tents of an army encampment. The timber when cut was already dead and somewhat seasoned, standing in the weird and ghost-like whiteness. Years before, a fire had raged through these forests, killing the noble pines, and consuming all the smaller growth of trees. And wherever the young evergreens had been thus destroyed they were never replaced by a new growth of the same kind, but another species sprang up in their places, usually the spruce or hemlock, or some of the varieties of deciduous trees, and through the dense mass of these new-comers the ancient monarchs of the forest raised their blanched trunks and stretched out their skeleton arms.

The evening's employment after supper was the sharpening of the axes. A large grindstone, properly mounted, was brought into the "camp," upon which each man in his turn brought his weapon into due order for the next day's work, as only the sharpest instruments are available upon the hard pine-knots with which they often have to come into conflict. After this, some of them exercised their skill upon a large piece of yellow birch-wood, which they were trying to coax into the shape of an ox-yoke. Last of all, the teamsters lighted their lanterns and went out to look after the welfare of their noble bovines; and at an early hour all have "turned in."

The cook was the last to leave the field, as upon his fidelity twenty hungry men would depend for their early breakfast. I had observed a large iron pot standing near the fire, covered with a heavy lid, out of which burst occasional puffs of steam. In this is about a peck of beans already pretty thoroughly cooked, and to this mess is afterwards added half a dozen pounds of salt pork, and then the pot is settled into a kind of earthen oven by the side of the fire, and is covered up securely with its heavy iron lid, and then it is embanked in a mass of glowing embers. Next morning the contents are in order,—a dish "to set before a king,"—the pork reduced to a fine jelly, the

hog all taken out of it, and the beans cooked through and through, and the whole mess baked together, no longer akin to its raw materials of yesterday, but real "baked pork and beans." At the breakfast table the cook received the best possible commendations of his professional skill, in the oft-repeated calls made for a replenished platter of the savory viands.

And now for the promised deer-hunt; the loggers say the forest is full of them. I take my smooth-bore shot-gun, with plenty of buckshot, for, like David, when he hunted the giant, I preferred the weapon that I had tried, and am soon in the forests beyond the beaten track of the lumber-men, and in snow two or three feet deep. We were not long in finding traces of our game, and soon was heard their half-snorting, half-whistling cry, while the hinder parts of their retreating forms were detected as they plunged into the dense thickets. I followed in their course, but the wily beasts would always see me before I could see them, and they were careful to keep at a respectful distance. My hunter's zeal pretty soon gave out under this exercise, and I turned back to find my way to the logging road; but, soon after reaching this, four noble deer crossed the path just before me; and I was so charmed with their beauty and the gracefulness of their movements that I quite forgot, until they had disappeared, that it was my duty to shoot one of them. Then I began to invent an excuse for my conduct, and tried very hard to satisfy myself that, had I attempted to shoot, the gun would have missed fire, or it might have burst and killed me. But I said nothing of all this at the camp. After that the men told me that it was not necessary to go out into the deep snow for the deer, but, if I would only follow the teams, the game might be taken without trouble, for "they never run away when they see the oxen." "Or go up on the hills," said one, "and sit down among the bushes, and you'll soon get them."

And now I thought it necessary to vindicate my good name as a "shot," and, therefore, taking the directions given, I chose a hiding-place where I could command a view

of the road for a hundred rods, and there I sat down and examined to see that my gun was in shooting order. I had waited but a few minutes when a noble buck came into full view, a little way down the road, and slowly moved towards me, with head and ears erect. And now somehow it happened a strange trembling came over me; the hunters know something about it, as a not unusual experience of amateur sportsmen, and they call it "buck fever." I think my attack was an unusually severe one. It is doubtful whether I could have hit a forty-foot barn at ten rods' distance. I, however, raised my gun, and, as the animal turned his broadside to me, at less than a hundred paces, there was an explosion, and the tail of the buck was seen passing into the thicket. But I certainly made him *jump*; for I found, by actual measurement, that, at his first bound, he cleared full fifteen feet.

"How does a man feel when engaged in the very act of fighting a duel?" I once put that question to Humphrey Marshall, who, just before that, had been indulging in that rather dangerous pastime. "Well," said he, "you see nothing but the muzzle of your antagonist's pistol, and that looks as large as a wash-tub, and seems to cover you all over." Perhaps I had at that time some such feeling; certainly I was a little agitated, and I am not sure that I saw my gun-barrel at all. But we might have had venison for supper nevertheless; for one of our teamsters brought in a fine carcass, that he had taken on his way to the camp. So, as I had experienced all that comes of wallowing through deep snows, and of "following the wild deer,"—nay, had actually fired my gun, ostensibly at one of the denizens of the forest, in the "wild woods,"—I consoled myself with the thought that my adventure had not been an entirely fruitless one. And, accordingly, when, on the second morning, my friend and myself, with "Lady" in her best traveling trim, turned our faces homeward, with the frozen carcass of the deer shot by the teamster standing on all fours in the sleigh, we rejoiced together as they who divide the spoils. And so closed my two days with the loggers.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

IN the life of Lady Huntingdon we have an example of one who cared little if her work brought praises, save as they should echo the praise of her divine Master. She knew she would be written and talked about, and, because she was anxious the truth should be dispassionately told, she asked that the world should wait until it could look back across a space of years, before her life, as revealed in her correspondence and private papers, should be given. When it did appear, nearly forty years ago, it was such a record of conspicuous excellence, in "whatsoever things are good and whatsoever things are true," as to enchain the admiring interest of many readers. It was a testimony to the power of grace, that made of thought and feeling and endeavor and talent and time and position and means so many little tributary streams, flowing continually into the one channel of God's will. In this channel, having cast her all, she moved unresistingly forward, wafted by the winds of mercy, finding in God her strength, giving to God the glory. We look in vain for any time or place where she wearied or resisted or turned back. Forward, ever with His will, never backward or against it, during a period beyond what is usually considered "length of days." And all along her life, the private virtues and domestic affections, and public services to religion and humanity, marked her as one of the most illustrious women of the eighteenth century.

She came of a kingly stock. Her ancestral history presents an array of illustrious names, running back to the time of Edward the Confessor; and their alliances united them at different times to almost all the royal houses of Christendom. One of them, Sir Henry Shirley, married Dorothy Devereux, youngest daughter of Robert, Earl of Essex, the unfortunate favorite of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. This marriage occurred in 1615. A son of this couple was the great-grandfather of the Countess of Huntingdon. His loyalty to his sovereign,

Charles I, resulted in his imprisonment by Oliver Cromwell. Death came to free the prisoner from the Tower of London, aided, it was conjectured, by poison. During his imprisonment was born his son, Sir Robert Shirley, afterward Earl of Ferrers, and grandfather of the subject of our sketch. This grandfather had two wives and twenty-seven children, about all of whom we do not need to speak. His first countess was a daughter of Lawrence Washington,—two good old names that have grown pleasantly familiar to American ears. She gave her son his mother's family name, and he succeeded his father as Hon. Washington Shirley, second Earl Ferrers. His character is described as one of great honor and justice; the possessor of a discriminating mind, a courteous manner, and a philanthropic heart, he made such use of his gifts as secured him an esteemed life and a lamented death. Whatever else he may have done, perhaps the service we are best able to appreciate was the influence of his character upon that of his daughter. She was the second of three, and the name they gave her, Selina Shirley, was one that had been borne before by many a good woman of her race.

If we read through the records of her father's house, we find noble blood and princely possessions, with all the advantages or disadvantages these entail. Varying views and varying modes of life both leave their impress upon character. But other factors also entered into the product in this particular case. Brave deeds, high qualities of mind and heart, were recorded against many of the race; loyalty to their sovereigns was a distinguishing characteristic. Loyalty to right and justice was frequent enough to give them title to the truest nobility in the kingdom whose sovereign and ruler is God.

In her mother's family, less high in rank, she had almost equal prestige of good example, and perhaps greater intellectual power. Her maternal grandfather was no less distinguished for integrity than for the great

eminence at the English bar which won him the appointment of Solicitor-general in Ireland, and Speaker of the House of Commons. Queen Anne made him a baronet in 1704, and he afterward became Attorney-general, and Lord Chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

But enough of Lady Selina Shirley's ancestry. It is of importance to us only as aiding our insight into the social conditions that surrounded her. A correct knowledge of these, and a fair estimate of the value to the human creature of generations of brain and soul power, are always useful in weighing the elements that constitute a character. In estimating what Methodism did for Lady Huntingdon, and what Lady Huntingdon did for Methodism [that is, the Methodism of the eighteenth century,—not specifically the Wesleyan Connection of to-day], it is only fair to glance at the soil in which divine grace took such root, and from which sprang such heavenly fruitage of love and joy.

Born on August 24, 1707, one hundred and seventy years ago, the spirit that animated her existence, and which is felt as a power in the religious world to-day, seemed almost to begin with her life. When she first comes before us, it is as a thoughtful, tender-hearted little child, gentle in manner, affectionate in disposition, easily impressed through eye and voice. She is profoundly touched by the sight of a funeral, when a little girl about her own age is being borne to the grave. She follows, she lingers, and beside the grave of one little child another kneels and prays to be kept good, that she may die happy when her hour shall come. She visits the little grave often; she finds, also, a closet where she will not be interrupted, and, all through her childhood, creeps away, to talk to God of her little joys and griefs. Whether, at the same time, as would have been natural in a healthful, happy childhood, she took her griefs to her mother we are not told. If she did, and her mother took her to God, that was all the better. If she was one of the "shut-up" little girls who felt her way along a track of childish loneliness, then we can see that "He who stands and knocks," tapped early at the

door of her heart; and, in the obedient opening to the influence of his Spirit, we see the power of the very ancestral influences that predispose to goodness and truth. This is no time to moralize, but, if parents of every class realized more fully the influence of parental character, we should find more children ready, when God calls, with Samuel's answer, "Here am I." In our staunch democracy, that says, "I don't care who one's grandfather was," we are sometimes in danger of feeling that we "do not care *what* he was." The first is of no consequence, the last inestimably important.

I wonder how many young women of the present day, looking forward to marriage, pray that God will direct them, first of all, into a religious family! We read that Lady Selina Shirley made this her continued request; and the value she set on moral qualities influenced her largely in her choice of a husband. True, or not, she did marry into a family remarkable for a high degree of piety, which learning and talent helped to adorn. The head of the family, Lord Huntingdon, who became the husband of Lady Selina, in her twenty-first year, possessed more, perhaps, of the latter qualities than of the one first mentioned. But he had an uncle who was deemed worthy of ninety-eight elegies, and an aunt whose name figures among Burder's "Memoirs of Eminent Pious Women." His sisters were devout; and, if he had attained to no profound spiritual experience of God's love, he had a genuine respect for godliness that made him appreciate a character founded on the loftiest principles. And such a character he had in his wife, for whom he said his esteem equaled his affection, and that time only increased them both. He declared that such a life and character as hers made virtue amiable, and that his greatest happiness was in her society. I quote the tribute, for it came from a husband to whom her excessive zeal, and the career into which it led her, would have been intolerable, but for the perfection of home life that made all she did seem right. It may as well be stated here, that, as the religious life of later years drew her into constantly new and

blessed fields of labor, he almost always helped her; and, when he could not help, he did not hinder. Their married life covered a period of eighteen years. She was the mother of his seven children, four of whom were sons; and when he died, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty years, Lord Bolingbroke wrote of him: "He ennobled nobility by virtue. He was of first rank in both." He speaks of his scholarship; of his knowledge of men, gained by travel; of his unaffected patriotism; his just views of the true constitution of the government, and comprehension of its real interests, and his scorn of the political corruption of his day.

He pays a beautiful tribute to Lady Huntingdon, when he speaks of her as a woman who had "perpetual serenity of soul" to share with her husband. She bestowed upon him, not only her love, but the constant "comfort of a cordial friendship." And a man of any rank or condition whose wife is really fitted to be his trusted friend is the safest and generally the most useful man of all. The "cordial friendship" of a woman who has attained to serenity of soul is a blessing no man can afford to despise. Lord Huntingdon had this inestimable treasure, and showed he knew its value. The death of the Earl was not the first great heart-sorrow that came to the Countess. Two of her sons, George and Ferdinand, aged respectively eleven and fourteen years, had died of small-pox,—one in 1730 and one in 1732. In 1735 she buried an infant daughter, leaving her, at the time of Lord Huntingdon's death, two sons, of whom Francis, the eldest, was then in his eighteenth year; and two daughters, aged respectively nine and fifteen years. The management of these children, and the care of their fortunes, was left unreservedly to her; and the wisdom and sagacity displayed in guarding their interests proved her worthy of the trust. She not only protected, but improved, their fortunes; and the practical good sense that marked her endeavors ought to have disarmed the fancy that she was simply a visionary devotee, whose enthusiasm amounted to fanaticism. Whatever belonged to her children she regarded as a sacred trust, and

she called to her aid wisest counsels of good men for its conservation and increase. Whatever was her own, she unhesitatingly consecrated, as she did life, health, time,—all she was, and all she possessed,—to the service of the Redeemer. From this period to the end of her life she expended, for the extension of religion and relief of the suffering, upwards of half a million of dollars; and this gift was, I fancy, small in comparison to the expenditure of vigor, intelligence, and spiritual force, that made her words and prayers and examples an inspiration to so many struggling souls.

The death of Lord Huntingdon created a new era for her, inasmuch as the limit of her ministry to others now depended upon her own judgment and conscience. From this time, 1746, when she was thirty-nine years old, on to the very year of her death, 1791, there was for her almost a half century of abundant labor. But the preparation for that labor was in her earlier years, to which we must look for the formative processes resulting in such a womanhood.

We have said it was her desire to marry into a religious family, and it is a little remarkable that her spiritual enlightenment should have come through the medium of one of her husband's relatives,—Lady Margaret Hastings, a woman whose excellence of character equaled her rank. At this time, religion, under the preaching of Mr. Whitefield, the Wesleys, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Hervey, and others, was claiming and receiving serious attention in the land. These men, professing strict adherence to the Church of England, yet so changed the manner and matter of their instruction as first to interest by novelty, and then to captivate by the power of truth. The Holy Spirit was with them. Many were roused to a consciousness of the difference between the dead ritual and the living faith. Newness of life in Christ Jesus was seen in sinful men, and other sinners felt its power. The Spirit seemed not only to abide with the Methodist preachers, but it sped before them, until, every-where these apostles of mercy went, they found the people prepared to listen. The churches were too

small for them; the fields, with God's canopy of azure, became their "Gospel tent." They met opposition, and it stimulated; success and encouragement were alike fuel to the fire. Many were converted, the "societies" rapidly increased, and the knowledge of salvation in Christ seemed spreading rapidly over the kingdom. In labors unwearied,—often preaching several times a day,—traveling until a distance equal to the world's circumference had been trod, these leaders of God moved on.

And Lady Margaret Hastings went to hear; and hearing, believed; and believing, rejoiced; and rejoicing, longed to lead other souls to the fountain of her joy. It seems she wisely began at home, and faithfully and affectionately tried to rouse the various members of her own family to the value of their eternal interests.

Conversing with Lady Huntingdon one day, she told her, that, "since she had known and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." Of such a joy her listener had no experience, and her reflections soon convinced her that her life of strict rectitude and moral dignity could give her no knowledge of such delight. It is one of the fruits of the Spirit, and self-complacency was a poor substitute indeed for a soul filled with eager aspiration. She knew about "prayer and fasting and alms-deeds." She was said to be rigidly just, inflexibly true, a strict observer of the duties of every relation,—liberal in sentiment, prudent in conduct, courteous in deportment. She was, moreover, a diligent inquirer after truth, and a constant attendant on public worship. But all these failed to comfort her under the profound conviction of her own helpless sinfulness, that came when the light of God's Spirit shone in upon her secret motives. Under its searching she found the rags beneath her mantle of self-righteousness, veiling a heart where self proved to be securely enthroned. Illness brought her to the grave's door, and sceptered and crowned as self had been within her, it could not hush the voice of conscience, or blind her eyes to her sins. Then it was she made en-

tire surrender of self and sin into the hands of the only Savior. She looked to him for life where the death of trespasses and sins had been; for salvation of that which was lost, for light in her darkness, for strength in her weakness.

We need not say she found all in Him who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. She rose from the sick-bed no longer a self-righteous saint or a self-reproachful sinner, but ready to yield herself a joyful, living sacrifice. Such a light was not to be hidden under a bushel; but it literally gave light to all that were in the house. When those who had realized the strength of her will saw it subdued to the will of the Master, they saw the light gleam forth. When infirmities of temper melted away in the sweetest yielding, they saw it gleam again. Her conduct and conversation, considered exemplary before, were now animated by a new spirit. Reason no longer quarreled with revelation. New affections in the heart, new energies in the mind, new and sacred activities for the body,—these were the evidences of the genuineness of her conversion.

She made no secret of this change of heart. She began at once that open confession and earnest support of God's cause that marked her career for more than sixty years. She wrote the Wesleys at this time, assuring them of her sympathy in their work; and in every way made manifest that henceforth her life was to be hidden with Christ in God. Naturally, such a change excited no small attention in the distinguished circle of Lady Huntingdon's friends. She had never when at court, or surrounded by the social life of her time, given herself to fashionable follies; but, when she deliberately announced her indifference to connection, attainments, possessions, or any use of the advantages of her position that did not tend to the growth of Christ's kingdom, we may well judge it produced a profound sensation. The poet Southey, with characteristic opinionated shallowness, unhesitatingly pronounced her insane. Bishop Benson, after remonstrances against her unnecessary strictness, told her he regretted ever having laid his hands on

the head of George Whitefield, to whose influence he attributed the change. The Bishop had been Lord Huntingdon's tutor, and he had been invited by the anxious husband to persuade the wife, whose convictions he had not the heart to oppose. It is said that Lady Huntingdon replied to the Bishop that on his dying bed he would look back with complacency on the ordination of Whitefield as one of the blessings he had conferred on the world. And it is further stated that, before the Bishop died, he sent to Mr. Whitefield a gift of ten guineas, and begged an interest in his prayers, thus making her prediction true.

Not a few of her friends tried against her, at the outset, the weapons of reproach and ridicule. Some even went so far as to beg her husband to interpose his authority. If space allowed, we could pass a pleasant hour among these friends, becoming acquainted with homes, society, and customs of the English nobility one hundred and fifty years ago. To judge the woman fairly, her times should be known, and we should be somewhat at home where she was altogether so. Many interesting incidents are on record of her endeavors to present Christ as the one Friend of sinners, for rich and poor; but no instance is recorded in which she was deterred by rank or wealth or royalty itself from declaring her allegiance to the King of kings. The Duchess of Marlborough, whose masculine mind and intriguing spirit are said to have had more effect on the destinies of Europe by her influence in the cabinet than had her husband's talents in the field, wrote her, in answer to an invitation to hear Whitefield, "Your concern for my improvement in religious knowledge is very obliging, and I do hope I shall be better for your excellent advice. I have lived to see great changes in the world, have acted a most conspicuous part myself, and now hope in my old age to find mercy from God, as I never expect any at the hands of my fellow-creatures." And this from a woman so irritable that she cut off her hair to spite her husband, who admired it; so quarrelsome that she fought her own children with a fiery tongue; so willful that, when told she must

be blistered or die, replied, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die." And she kept her word. But this humility did not answer all Lady Huntingdon's endeavors. The Duchess of Buckingham, who died in Buckingham Palace, and now sleeps in Westminster Abbey, replied to a similar invitation: "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect toward their superiors. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I can not but wonder that your ladyship should relish sentiments so at variance with high rank and good breeding."

Encouragement attended for a time her endeavors for the Duchess of Queensbury, who was much moved by the Methodist preaching, and seemed to be an earnest seeker of truth. But extraordinary beauty and wit, celebrated by the poets of the day,—by Pope and Prior and Gay and Swift,—led her into fashionable life, where the voice of her friend was drowned in dissipation. The literary world knew Lady Huntingdon well, and her peculiar views were freely discussed,—sometimes approved, and oftener condemned. Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," became her friend, and derived much comfort from Charles Wesley, to whose preaching she introduced him. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, though much older than herself, was another intimate associate. But it is not among the noble or the learned or the gifted of her day that we can linger, lest we lose our opportunity of tracing the career of this remarkable woman in its connection with those whose gift was that of the Holy Spirit, whose life was the life hidden in God.

The first Methodist Society, formed in 1738, held its meetings in the old Fetter Lane Chapel in London. Here the leaders of early Methodism preached, often with amazing power. The building is standing yet, and any one who desires to gaze into the cradle of Methodism may be gratified by a visit to Neville's Court. At the first

division among the Methodists, when Wesley and his followers withdrew to the Foundry, in Upper Moorfields, the building was left in the hands of the Moravians. At the Foundry, the meetings continued until the differences between Mr. Wesley and Whitefield caused the second separation. But it was at Fetter Lane that the Countess of Huntingdon identified herself with the Society. Thither she went with her husband, and thither she drew her fashionable friends. Here, too, she met, with Wesley and the rest, the storm of opposition aroused by their growing influence and power. When the clergy were excited against the new doctrines and practices, and many of the churches were closed against them, she shared the unpleasant opprobrium and notoriety with joy. She kept in the foremost rank of the noble little army, and, when Wesley himself was afraid of lay preaching, she stepped to the front and fearlessly led him and his followers. It was Lady Huntingdon who urged Mr. Maxwell, the assistant left by Wesley to comfort the London flock in his absence, to expound the Scriptures. From exposition, she urged him to preaching; and, seeing how God blessed his work, she upheld him with all her influence and power. In this she was aided by Wesley's mother, who told her son, "Maxwell was as surely called to preach as he was." And so the first authorized lay preacher went on for years before and years after his ordination, working a work that his leaders could not but see was of God. Lay preaching once sanctioned, it was impossible to go back, and difficult to move safely forward; for many men, insisting on their right to preach, were mistaken as to their ability and call of God. The leaders soon had to combat the growing belief that any Christian might administer the sacraments, and that Christianity knew no distinctive class as spiritual Church officers.

Moravian errors crept in, and then it was that Lady Huntingdon gathered at her own house a meeting, at which she set her face against these factions, and urged the immediate recall of Mr. Wesley to London. She wrote him accounts of the condition of affairs. When he came, she conferred with

him. She was active in aiding him to reclaim those in error, and was present at the meeting at his mother's house, when it was decided that steps should be taken toward a separation. When it came, she comforted and upheld, she shared the obloquy and ridicule and threats, that were designed to silence or ruin the Methodists, and the petty persecutions of those who were alarmed by their popularity or shamed by their zeal. She made the cause her own, and grew in courage and activity as the need grew. She was largely instrumental in preventing the break between the Wesley brothers that grew out of the sympathy of Charles with the Moravians. No influence that her rank and fortune could bestow was withheld from the cause she loved.

Her personal friendship for the Wesleys was at this time deep and strong, and, on her removal to Donnington Park, they were often welcome guests at her house. John Wesley called Grace Murray his right hand, for her services in organizing his women's societies. He might well have called Lady Huntingdon his heart and his head. His journals, in manuscript, passed under her eye before they were published, and her sympathy with the spirit of his labor was his comfort in many an hour of trial.

It was in 1740 that her observation of the success of such evangelists as Mr. Ingham, and the labors of the itinerants sent forth by Whitefield and Wesley, decided her to become the patroness of itinerancy in the neighborhood of her own estate. Her first laborer was a servant of Lord Huntingdon's, named David Taylor, whose anxiety for the souls of his fellow-servants and neighbors led her to send him out to the villages and hamlets, to speak to the lost of their Savior. Great success attended his labors also those of Mr. Samuel Deacon, who, hearing Taylor was to preach in the fields, laid down his scythe and went to hear him. He was converted, and began to labor, and continued to preach for over fifty years.

The influence of the Church over which Deacon presided spread from village to village and town to town, till, with other Churches, it formed a Connection in 1770.

That Connection, thirty years ago, numbered one hundred and thirteen Churches, six missionary societies, and several schools.

At about this time Lady Huntingdon established schools in the neighboring districts, and gave much attention to the amelioration, bodily and spiritual, of the condition of the poor around her. Just then, in the midst of her beautiful activities, came some of the noblest friendships of her life. Among others, Dr. Watts and Dr. Doddridge sought and enjoyed her society. About this time, too, occurred the death of her boys, before alluded to. She mourned for them, as a loving mother must, but still her work went on. In 1744, soon after their death, there met in London the first Methodist Conference, and the six clergymen and four lay preachers were received and entertained at her house. This is the first occasion on record of a public meeting at Donnington Park.

It is not surprising that jealousy and envy at such increasing influence should have incited the enemies of the Methodists to take advantage of every event that could injure them. Such an event was the Jacobite effort to enthrone the Pretender. The Wesleys were subjected to strange suspicions and calumnies, too absurd for belief, yet which had weight with the people, and even with the Government. They were called Papists, Jesuits, and disloyal. About Charles Wesley this ill-wind blew most fiercely, subjecting him even to the insults of mobs; but the others did not entirely escape. It was at this time that, to avoid such injuries as were suffered by non-conformists, when they were considered as outlaws, they were driven to take refuge under the Act of Toleration, registering their residences, and licensing their preachers, as the Act required. This rendered those practically Dissenters who had hitherto clung with tenacity to the doctrines and many of the ceremonies of the Church of England, and deserve to be considered among her truest sons. For a time, during the contest of the house of Stuart with that of Hanover, every prospect of usefulness seemed endangered; but, happily, God led them out into a large place, and

the testimony and exertions of the Methodist leaders came to be regarded by the Government with as much confidence as those of Doddridge.

To the death of the Earl of Huntingdon we have already alluded. Though broken in health and spirit, this event was followed by an increase of her beneficent labors. She continued to reside at Donnington Park, though spending much time at other places, until her son became of age and entered upon his estates, when she made her home at Ashby, in Leicestershire, with her daughters, and Lady Hastings, the sister of her husband.

Though her sympathy was open and avowed with all the zealous in proclaiming Christ's salvation, Lady Huntingdon yet remained an adherent of the Church of England. To stimulate zeal and awaken vital piety within the Establishment was as much her desire as to convert the sinner outside of it. Her purse and pen and home were at the service of all who showed themselves workers with God. She was a shelter to the persecuted. The violence of feeling against her is well shown in a letter written about this time to Dr. Doddridge, in which she says: "Our affronts and persecutions are hardly to be described. Many secret and shameful enemies of the Gospel appear. They even called out in the open streets for me, saying, if they had me, they would tear me in pieces."

It is unnecessary to enter into the controversy between Arminianism and Calvinism that caused the separation of Whitefield and Wesley, and left Lady Huntingdon to stand with Whitefield as the leader of Calvinistic Methodists. This diversity of views on doctrinal points, with all its unpleasant accompaniments, is a most familiar chapter of the history of Methodism. Whatever criticism may arise in the mind of the thoughtful examiner of the variations in her creed and her attachments at this period, leaning as she did now toward legality, now toward mysticism, we are fain to drop them all, and remember only the charity and catholicity and loving piety that made her very anxious the breach should be healed, and filled her

with joy when at last Whitefield and Wesley clasped hands, and each ministered in the chapel of the other.

Whitefield became her chaplain, and the noble and fashionable world came to her house to hear him. For his labors among the most distinguished and refined, and its effect upon them, arousing indignation, opposition, or conviction and reform, an entire volume would hardly suffice. He had at this time made but three of his seven missionary tours to America, and was at the height of his fame. Wherever he went in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the throngs were almost beyond control in numbers, and sometimes uncontrolled in opposition and hatred as well. Still, the work went on, and the accounts sent back in his letters to Lady Huntingdon reveal a wonderful work of grace through his ministry. During the frequent absences of Mr. Whitefield, Mr. Wesley, twice a week, was invited to preach at the house of Lady Huntingdon, who showed in every way her desire that the differences between them should be forgotten. She employed the time of Whitefield's absences in the metropolis by earnest labors among the poor in the country.

It was now, in 1749, that Whitefield formed the design of identifying Lady Huntingdon with the Societies. His need of all his time for preaching; her great influence with the court and the Government, already shown in behalf of sufferers by the Welsh persecutions and the Cork riots; the need of a leader,—all pointed in this direction. To follow the successive steps of this movement, that resulted in the establishment of that sect of the Calvinistic Methodist Church called "Lady Huntingdon's Connection," is quite impossible in our space. Whether we consider her labors in the Societies, in her own class, or among the poor, the money she expended, the noble whom she interested, the persecuted whom she protected, or the feeble whom she encouraged, her work was simply stupendous. At the time of her death, sixty-four chapels had been built by her own private means, or through her influence. They were scattered at various points throughout

the kingdom. Wherever the rapid success of the preaching created a need for one, she undertook to supply it. When her funds failed, she sold her jewels. She gave up equipage and reduced her manner of living, so that the dear work might go on. In a conversation relative to a family in distress, she said: "I can do for them only as much as I can save for a while out of my own necessities. It will be very little, for when I gave myself I gave my fortune to God, with only the reserve that I would take, with a sparing hand, my food and raiment, and what might be needed for my children, should they become reduced." She adds, "that many persons of no religion will feel for and relieve temporal distress. I must pity often where I can not relieve, on account of greater concern for perishing souls."

By her advice, all England was divided into districts, in which she labored, that no destitute section should be without religious instruction. During her first tour in Wales she lingered a few days at Trevecca, which, twenty years later, became for a time her residence, and the scene of her labors.

The pressing need of a large number of ministers caused her to establish there a theological seminary, where pious candidates for the ministry, independent of sectarian considerations, received board and tuition at her expense. The character of the work of the institution is too well known to need comment, as is that accomplished by the more extensive college at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire. The latter was undertaken as the time approached for the expiration of the lease at Trevecca. When we realize that she carried on her heart, not only the general affairs, but individual wants of students, the spiritual needs and conditions of teachers; that she provided chapels and a rotation of itinerants to supply them; that she conducted the correspondence herself, and was mother and sister and friend to all who needed—we begin to have a faint comprehension of the value of such a consecration. When we see how identified her life was with the evangelical revival of the century, and realize how thoroughly, heart and soul and body, she belonged to God, criticism

slinks away abashed and ashamed to lay a finger upon the opinions and prejudices that, perhaps, were open to dispute. She was not a perfect woman, either in her views or methods; but one of the present day who wastes time in finding fault with her would resemble the traveler, who, seeing the train that has brought him thus far on his journey moving on, waits to complain that the track is too wide or too narrow, or that there is too much or too little steam. We, who, perhaps, could never have helped to start Methodism, finding it moving down through the centuries, may be glad to jump on and find our place, and be carried to our destination; but we should be chary of our sneers over any blunders they made who marked out the road, and trod it often with no fellow traveler but God.

As we think of the career of this noble woman, what an assemblage of names clusters in mind around her own! What an assemblage of souls has long ere this sat together with her in heavenly places, while they rejoiced over the life they passed together below—not the Wesleys and Whitefields only, but Ingham and Romaine and Hervey and Fletcher and Toplady and Venn, and many, many more. To trace her association with each of these and many other coadjutors, in the special field in which they aided each other, would be a charming task, and a blessed companionship for the soul. To follow the work in the Tabernacle and at Tottenham Court Road, in Brighton and Bath and Bristol, and thence to other crowded cities, or to the secluded hamlets of the kingdom, would be a journey that would leave one in love with the itinerancy and the mission spirit of which it was born.

But this journey and this companionship is a pleasure we must forego. Nor can we follow the fortunes of the Connection Lady Huntingdon strove to protect by severing her own connection with the beloved Church of England. After her death many of her plans for the continuance of the Connection failed, and many of her chapels became independent. Had it been a conflict between the Wesleyan and Calvinistic views, the Arminians would have been victorious in

numbers and influence. But in Lady Huntingdon's heart sectarianism seems to have been subordinate to profound piety and desire for the salvation of souls; doubtless she rejoices now, as her private correspondence shows she did then, in whatever most conduces to that end. Before her death she followed to the grave two more of her children,—Lord Henry Hastings, who died at eighteen years of age, and her beloved daughter Selina. She died herself at the age of eighty-four, but she forbade the repetition of her latest conversations, as well as the publication of her papers and correspondence. Yet some things have not been forgotten. The cause of Christ lay heavy on her heart. She said to a friend, "I have no hope but that which inspired the dying malefactor. Nothing of mine could give a moment's rest to a departing soul." Notwithstanding her feebleness and age, her mind showed no sign of decay. She was troubled for those who nursed her, lest she weary them over much. She was anxious for the souls of the people in her Connection, whom she tenderly called "her children." No pain seemed sharp enough to make her impatient, and once she said, "The arms of mercy encircle me." A little before she died, she said, "I shall go home to-night." And almost her last words were, "My work is done; I have nothing to do now but to go to my Father."

If, in this sketch, less attention has been given to extracts from her journal and correspondence than to her labors, it is partly because what one does is so much richer than what one says, and it takes so much less of the grace of God to make a woman talk than to make her live. Her biographies abound in utterances such as could only have issued from a devout and consecrated soul. She had most solemn inward experiences of her sinfulness and nothingness; most exalted and triumphant views of a Savior, who was her all in all. If we touch all this sacredly, it is only because it comes to us as if a friend had whispered it in our ear in the silence of night. And so it seems hidden with Christ in God, and makes us remember that "by their fruits we shall know them."



December.

AND after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;

His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,—

The same wherewith Dan Jove, in tender years
They say was nourisht by th' Iean mayd;

And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

SPENSER.

O WINTER, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wraps in clouds. . . .
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!

COWPER.

THE frost is here,
 And fuel is dear,
 And woods are sere,
 And fires burn clear,
 And frost is here,
 And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite!
 You roll up away from the light
 The blue woodlouse, and the plump dormouse;
 And the bees are still'd and the flies are kill'd,
 And you bite into the heart of the house,
 But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
 The woods are all the serer,
 The fuel is all the dearer,
 The fires are all the clearer,
 My Spring is all the nearer;
 You have bitten into the heart of the earth
 But not into mine.

TENNYSON.



WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whoo!

To-whit, to-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whoo!

To-whit, to-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

WHEDON ON RAYMOND.

WE must crave the reader's indulgence, for this time, for our departure from our usual method in the composition of this month's study, in which we propose to give them, instead of a well-digested essay, a sort of gossip literary notice. Our subject is the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, for October, 1877; the part specially referred to, the Quarterly Book Table, in which, as is his wont, the editor especially disports himself; and here, first of all, we are confronted with a long and elaborate critique on Dr. Raymond's recently published "Systematic Theology." As we were personally somewhat concerned with the passage of that work through the press, we are the more interested in what may be said about it, although our share in either the work or the responsibility of its production has been very inconsiderable.

After a brief but crisp introductory paragraph, the writer pauses to give a passing notice to the "Introduction," which, as editor, we prefixed to the work. It is complimented as "graceful," but censured as faulty in three chief particulars,—a rather heavy indictment to be brought against such a brief and purposely inconsiderable document. We there referred to "Watson's Institutes" as "the first formal and comprehensive system of theology" issued by Wesleyan Methodism; and to this the reviewer objects, as incorrect, claiming that Wesley's sermons were "intended to be a theological system;" and that these, with Fletcher's Works and the "Doctrinal Tracts," formed a noble body of divinity. We are not disposed to dispute about terms, however good our cause; but we must dissent (very modestly) to calling those very miscellaneous collections of religious essays and polemical discussions, as "a formal and comprehensive system of divinity." On the one hand, their matter was not digested into a "formal sys-

tem;" and, on the other, they failed to set forth comprehensively the Wesleyan theology,—being defective in respect to some highly important points, while not a few things are included which no Methodist minister is expected either to teach or believe. We are very sure that Dr. Whedon would be among the last to give his assent to some things that are therein taught.

Again, we designate the Wesleyan theology as "*Evangelical* Arminianism," and to that distinctive epithet the reviewer objects, as it seems to us, without any good reason. Every one at all conversant with ecclesiastical history, and especially with the course of the religious thought of Protestantism for the last two centuries, knows very well that there have been all along two forms of Arminianism,—an evangelical, and a rationalistic or semi-Pelagian. It is equally well known that Wesley's Arminianism was of the former species. Our use of the term *evangelical*, in that connection, had not the remotest reference to Calvinism, or any other form of faith except that named. We entirely fail, therefore, to see the point of the reviewer's objection.

Still further, we are said to be in error in saying that, in respect to "the work of the Holy Spirit, there is really no difference" between Calvinists and Methodists, and, as obvious points of differentiation, his "witnessing office," and the "extent of his sanctifying work" are named,—as to both of which we believe his exception is not well taken. This will appear by a careful study of the theological and experimental writings of the English and Scotch Calvinists during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In respect to the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, they were especially clear and explicit; and even we Methodists, when we would set forth that doctrine in our worship, are accustomed to borrow their language. In one of our hymns (462),

under the general heading, "Adoption and Assurance," we let Dr. Watts lead us in prayer for this "witnessing" of the great comforter, after this fashion:

"Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God."

Toplady was certainly a pretty decided Calvinist, and not especially inclined to accept either specifically Wesleyan doctrine or their modes of doctrinal statement; and yet, in one of our hymns (470), we use his words when he addresses the Holy Ghost, as:

"Earnest of future bliss;"

and we adopt his language, in professing our faith, designating the divine Spirit, as:

"Of his [God's] adopting love the seal;"

and we confess to him that,

"By thee, on earth, we know
Ourselves in Christ renewed."

Now, this sounds very much like a recognition of the "witnessing office" of the Holy Spirit. Both of these were men of a former age; but lest there should be some doubt whether Calvinists of the present generation accept the doctrine of Assurance, we will try yet another,—a man of our own times. Hymn 472, of our Church collection, is credited to Rev. Dr. Raffles, a specimen Calvinist of the present day. Two of its stanzas read:

"Come, Holy Ghost, thyself impress
On my expanding heart;
And show that in the Father's grace
I share a filial part.
Cheered by that witness from on high,
Unwavering, I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive."

With all this before him, it is not very strange that one should be [mis-] led to believe that even *Evangelical* Calvinists hold to the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit.

A good point is made in respect to the style of the author. Dr. Raymond belongs to the senior class of Methodist preachers and writers, having grown up among the influences that proceeded so abundantly and grandly from the ruling minds of Methodism half a century ago. There was also, at that time, in the Methodism, of New England (where Dr. Raymond was reared and educated), a special type of theological thought—clear, concise, and incisive,—the result of its long warfare with the "Standing Order." Of this style of thought,

Dr. Fisk (who was Dr. Raymond's instructor and honored exemplar) was of the very best type. This style, at once animated and sedate, prevails in these volumes, rendering attractive, and pleasingly exciting, statements and discussions that are very liable to become heavy and wearisome. There are writers, whose works, though manifestly faulty in many particulars, are sure to be read because of their style, and of their authors' methods of putting things. These advantages are, to a very good degree, enjoyed by Dr. Raymond's books.

On the subject of "Evolution," in its possible relations to the origin of the human race, the author and his reviewer are not entirely in accord, though neither of them accepts the evolutionary theory as the probable method of origination in respect of the first man. But Dr. Raymond makes the perilous assumption that that theory can not be accepted without wholly rejecting the authority of the Bible; and, from this view, Dr. Whedon entirely dissents,—we think wisely. The same thing used to be said respecting the astronomical relations of the earth, which seemed to enter into almost every point connected, not only with this world, but also of heaven and hell, and the unbounded universe; and yet we have seen the old geocentric system swept away, while the Word of the Lord remains unmoved. On this whole class of questions, involving the relations of natural science to the Bible, Dr. Whedon announces a law for interpreting the Bible sufficiently broad to cover all probable contingencies, when he says: "Old interpretations of some passages in Genesis, borrowed, perhaps, from an old false science, must indeed be changed; but these changes need not effect our structural theology." This is bold enough, and broad enough; but it is, nevertheless, true and necessary. The Biblical history of the race, as it has long been accepted, together with the Hebrew Chronology, is all the time becoming more and more unacceptable to intelligent thinkers; and our best Christian scholars have sought diligently for some method by which to relieve its difficulties. Stanley and Farrar incline wholly to discard the authority of the first ten chapters of Genesis, which is a bolder process than most are ready to adopt. We prefer to this Dr. J. P. Thompson's plan to break up the old genealogies, and so remove the origin of the race several thou-

sands of years further back. Or we may accept the views of M'Causland, that our Adamic race has succeeded an earlier one in the occupancy of the earth. It is evident, however, that if the desired reconciliation of God's two books of record shall be effected, we must conclude that the world we live in is a very old one as compared with the years measured by history. Two things are pretty sure to occur along the course of the coming ages: heaven and earth, as men view them, will undergo great changes; but the Word of the Lord will abide, and men will continue to find it able to make wise to salvation. It is neither wise nor safe, therefore, to assume that this or that scientific conclusion, if established, will overthrow the Word of God. There are untold harmonies in the works and words of the Almighty that we can not now determine. It is wisest to wait upon the Lord, for these things, in the humility of faith.

In the treatment of the knotty questions about "heredity," and "entailed guilt," and "necessitated desert," both the author and the reviewer seem to us to be about equally "at sea." And to complicate the matter the latter brings in Dr. Bledsoe, whose learned lucubrations over these things have always seemed to us to be about as clear as mud, or else "dark with excessive light." Heredity is simply a *fact*, that confronts us every-where, carrying with it, not only men's social relations and physical accidents, but also largely affecting their moral characters and conditions. Nothing can be more clearly evident than that the moral characteristics are received and transmitted by natural generation, that there are, in fact, entailed moral qualities of the soul; and these must be, *per se*, the occasion for a judgment of condemnation. And if such judgment is identical with guilt [see Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, article "guilt," second definition], then, indeed, is guilt entailed. A quarter of a century ago we wrote these words, which we have not since found cause to modify or disclaim. "All unrighteousness is sin; and the spirit of mind [original sin—See Article seventh of Religion] that produces every form of practical iniquity in the exercise of the active powers is most assuredly the very essence of unrighteousness." And since such a spirit of mind is innate, and since also there is in the divine government a sequence of evil

results depending from the inborn conditions of the soul, there would seem to be, as to the individual, a necessitated sinfulness, which, viewed judicially, implies guilt, or administratively, demerit. If God was created an essentially holy being, his holiness was, of course, as to himself, necessitated; and yet, to our notion, that might be in him very great merit because of his essential, though not self-originated, moral excellence. Is not this the kind of merit contemplated in angels and seraphim? God knows us as we are, and judges us accordingly; our righteousness is our merit, our unrighteousness, our *guilt*.

Dr. Raymond rejects and Dr. Whedon favors the doctrine of a threefold nature in man, a *trichotomy*, the former would call it, agreeably to general usage; a *trinality*, the latter prefers, as more exactly correct, and with characteristic independence of the authority of use. "Soul, body, and spirit," is the Pauline naming, which terminology indicates that Paul accepted that philosophy, which it might have been supposed he would, since, as a philosopher, he was a Platonist. But Paul's infallibility, like that of the Pope, does not cover matters of merely natural science. We do not accept his geocentric cosmology, nor his circum-Mediterranean geography, and we do not see why we should any more feel bound to accept as certainly correct, his anthropology. To us that system of *trinality* has always appeared more fanciful than real; but all this has but a remote connection with the study of theology.

About the doctrine of future punishment, both the author and the reviewer seem to move cautiously, like men handling torpedoes, or cuddling a half-tamed tiger. Dr. Raymond is sufficiently orthodox in what he denies; and as his whole confession on this subject is chiefly a negation, it may seem to be quite safe and harmless. But silence is sometimes the worse form of heretical expression. The reviewer summarizes his author's position in a single sentence: "He rejects annihilationism; post-mortem probation; restorationism and universalism; and accepts the doctrine of eternal misery." But having accepted this last term, he next proceeds to reduce it to its least possible significance, with an accompanying constant quantity of real good, in the form of continued being, with tolerable, and somewhat enjoyable,

conditions. But, one may ask, whether such a state is, on the whole, one of *misery*? Is that which is better than nothing at all, in itself and on the whole, bad, rather than good? As to their relations to the teachings of the Scriptures, we do not propose to discuss these questions, but only to glance at them in respect to some of their logical and philosophical aspects. Dr. Whedon has done this for us, as to some of the points involved. To us the chief terror of annihilation seems to consist in its utter extinction of hope, which, however, as something consciously recognized, may be, but for a moment, possibly not at all. The evils of non-existence are relative rather than real; negative, not positive; and as compared with a state of hopeless wretchedness they cease entirely. Any evil, however trifling and easy to be borne under the inspiration of hope, becomes intolerable if the hope of deliverance is forever extinguished. That must be essentially a *good estate* which, in the absence of all hope of betterment, might be preferred to nothing at all. The perdition of the ungodly, according to Dr. Raymond, after all his attenuations, is a state of hopeless misery, and, therefore, it can not be one of relative or residuary good; and this wretched estate being hopeless rises into a completeness of wretchedness. Compared with such a condition it would seem that any rational soul must covet "the sleep that knows no waking." Though not disposed to dissent very strongly from Dr. Raymond's negative conclusions respecting the future of the unsaved, yet, as compared with annihilation, we fail to see the desirableness of his *minified* "eternal misery."

We may also concur with him in rejecting the notion of "post-mortem probation," as not sufficiently supported by Holy Scripture, and also opposed to certain tendencies by which moral character becomes fixed and intensified in its conditions. But we are bound, in fairness to those who may favor that notion, to recognize whatever there may be, either of force or plausibility, in the arguments used in its support. Most of the theories that have been set up in opposition to the traditionally orthodox eschatology of Protestantism have, first of all, sought to establish themselves upon a philosophical or *a priori* basis, and, after having laid such a basis, to force the Scriptures into some kind of agreement with it,

which is obviously a most pernicious and misleading process of interpretation. And in favor of this tenet of future probation, it is claimed that both reason and Scripture may be appealed to. It is urged that the perdition of the soul must be, in every case, the result of a misused or a neglected probation, in which its powers have been called into action, and previously turned away from God and holiness. Any thing less than this, it is said, is not, can not be, a real probation. And it is further pleaded, that, as matters of fact, only a comparatively small proportion of the human race pass through such a probation in the present life; that not only infants, dying before the dawn of reason, and untaught pagans, who may never have heard the names of God and Christ, but also very many of the uncultured multitudes in nominally Christian lands, live and die without being subjected to any such trial of their obedience to the divine calling. However fallacious this kind of reasoning may be, when submitted to the tests of Scripture and reason, it must be confessed to present at least a plausible look upon the surface. And it is further claimed that it affords the only ready interpretation to certain rather important passages of Scripture, touching this general subject, and especially those that relate to the "sin against the Holy Ghost."

"That special form of sin," says Julius Muller (*Christian Doctrine of Sin*), "presupposes a very full and thorough development of the moral consciousness," which may or may not have reached the stage of spiritual regeneration, which must have carried the mind and heart of its subject beyond the natural state of "unthinking recklessness," in respect to spiritual things. "Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost," he continues, "is not only the greatest, it is also the most spiritual of sins," and it is possible "only where the inner life has previously been in very close contact with moral goodness." And of only this form of sin, we are reminded that it is said, it shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, nor in the world to come (Matthew xii, 32). Final and irreversible perdition, it is therefore argued, is shut up to the outbreaking of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which is simply an impossibility to the greater part of mankind. According to this theory all truly regenerated souls pass at death into a state of assured sal-

vation, and they who have committed the "Sin against the Holy Ghost," "go away into everlasting destruction;" but another portion, numerically larger than both of these, will be submitted to a fuller probation in the future life. This theory may be plausible at the first sight, but it will be found difficult of reconciliation, whether with Scripture or with reason.

After all the vast outlay of learned labor for getting rid of the traditional, reasonable, and Scriptural doctrine of hell torments,—both fearful and irreversible,—the foundations of the faith still stand. It is not the way to find the truth of God, to set about the search with a preconceived theory in respect to how God *ought* to administer the affairs of his kingdom, and assuming that, since he is wise and good, he will certainly order his affairs agreeably to our notions of wisdom and goodness. To the unprejudiced reader the New Testament is full of the doctrine of fearful and eternal damnation; and how to eliminate that doctrine from the Bible is the more than Herculean task undertaken by those who would hold to the Bible, and yet reject its obvious teachings. It will be soon enough to abandon the ancient faith of the Church on so important a point, when our neologists shall have agreed among themselves as to what is to be accepted in its stead. So long as sin and misery exist within the domains of the Almighty, human wisdom must stand rebuked for its attempts to decide in advance what may or may not be in the divine administration; for these show that there is *wrath* as well as *love* in the divine heart. The judgments of God as seen in this world are quite "past finding out." Let men not be over confident in declaring what they must be in the world to come.

On the doctrine, or philosophy, rather, of the human will Dr. Whedon is a master, and Dr. Raymond is his disciple. But while the disciple honors his master by appropriating his thoughts and his forms of expression, he neglects to give the due credits, for which the master somewhat sharply rebukes the disciple. Perhaps it was thought that, since no other writer could claim either the thoughts or the words used by Dr. Whedon, there could be no mistake as to their authorship, and, therefore,

a formal crediting was not called for. As a specimen of metaphysical didactics, Dr. Whedon's "Treatise on the Will" has few equals in all the range of philosophical discussions; and yet it does not seem to us to shed any considerable amount of light upon the subject, as in most works on the Will (an exception may be made in favor of Coleridge's "Aids") there is all through it a want of clearly distinguishing between the will as an original department of rational mind and the purposed action of the will in the form of volitions. Nor does it seem to us that in every case of free-willing an alternate opposite choice must be within its power. Nor is the consciousness a reliable witness in such a case. Men often think they could do differently from what they do, but how do they know it, not having tried? The case set forth in the seventh chapter of *Romans*, before the impotent attempt to reverse the course of the depraved will had been made, illustrates a case of supposed power of alternate choice, that proved to be wanting at the time of trial. The fact seemed to be that the "would not" was simply the result of a "could not," which lay deep down in the interior will, and quite out of the range of the consciousness. So our Church article on Free-will recognizes the natural enslavement of the will, and the necessity for its gracious emancipation, in order to its making the opposite choice from that hitherto pursued.

But this whole matter

"Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,

is a subject which time and study and learned discussion have done very little to elucidate, and we apprehend the speculations upon it have had but little practical influence over theological opinions and religious practices.

We have thus passed over this discussion of a discussion with something of the feelings one experiences in beholding some grand display of Titanic forces in which he seems to grow strong by what he witnesses. Our review has also offered us some little pleasurable excitement, which we would gladly share with the reader, but we fear our own conceptions and presentations of the subject are too feeble for that purpose. Then let him do as we have done, that he may share our pleasure.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ENGLAND.

THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL FUND.—London is renowned for its benevolent work, and for none more than that which is engaged in the support of its hospitals. To this end a large fund is needed, which is created mainly in the following way: once a year there is a "Hospital Sunday," on which every religious gathering makes a special effort to take up a large collection for the support of the sick and suffering in the public hospitals. This Sunday occurs about the middle of June, and the sum raised this year was very large, more so than usual, but still insufficient for the growing needs of the great capital. To remedy this defect and increase the fund, a so-called "Hospital Saturday" has been founded, which this year occurred on the first Saturday of September. On that day from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening might be seen in the principal streets of London, and in the most frequented thoroughfares, English ladies seated before little tables covered with a white cloth, on which was a large box carefully locked with padlock, but with a longitudinal opening in the lid. Beside these ladies were policemen, charged with the duty of protecting them from any annoyance, in case of need,—a precaution which was absolutely useless. Now we need hardly say that these ladies were not engaged in collecting votes to decide on public officers, or the form of government, but were at a work which lies very near to woman's heart, namely, the alleviation of the ills of humanity. They were collecting money for the sick and infirm of London who are not able to supply their own wants, which they call the "Saturday Hospital Fund." On "Hospital Sunday," the collection is taken up after a sermon bearing on the subject in some shape, and this Saturday collection, at a later period, is made with a view of appealing to those who never visit the Church, in order to induce them also to bear their portion of the common burden. This manner of demanding charity is very ingenious, and leads to the best results. Though one should scarcely say demanding, for no open demand is made. The ladies simply solicit with the

eye those inquisitive persons who stop before their tables, and it is not always easy to resist their mute appeals. They number about five hundred, and nearly all of them belong to the trading classes. They are dressed with great simplicity, and do not leave their post during the whole of a long day. And go into what quarter of the great city you may, you will always observe a great sympathy and a profound respect on the part of the public for this modest devotion to the cause of human ills. Charity is so much a part of the English nature that there are many people who go out on "Hospital Saturday" for the sole purpose of encouraging these ladies by casting their offerings in the boxes of their district. At eight o'clock in the evening these boxes are all carried to one of the principal banking-houses of the city, in order that the clerks who volunteer an evening for the labor may count the receipts and distribute them, *pro rata*, to the various hospitals, according to the beds which they support. And even the foreign hospitals, those for the French and the Germans, are comprised in this general distribution. This kindness to foreigners is bearing its fruit in the proposition at Paris to establish a hospital for sick and needy Englishmen, of whom there are always a goodly number in the French capital. The French hospital at London is also in large measure sustained by the gifts of prominent Frenchmen, the Princes of the House of Orleans figuring in the first rank, whose example is now inducing wealthy and titled Englishmen to lend their aid to the English hospital in Paris.

EGYPT.

ITS HIEROGLYPHICS.—The more the ancient hieroglyphics are deciphered and the Assyrian arrow-head inscriptions are understood, so much the more is the Bible story of the East corroborated. The greatest Egyptologist of the day, Professor Heinrich Brugsch, has just published a "History of Egypt under the Pharaohs," a work of profound interest and study, but written in a style so plain as to be attractive to those who are not especially Oriental scholars. The twelfth section of this work treats of the rule of Joseph in Egypt, which

commands so large a share of Christian sympathy. In this he presents, from his reading of the hieroglyphics, the most remarkable ratification of the Mosaic account. With joyful satisfaction Brugsch gives extracts which refer to Joseph and his lord during the period of the seven years of famine in Egypt. He finds these in the tomb of an ancient Egyptian bearing the name of Baba, who lived at that time. This Baba was kind of heart, and the gods had granted him abundance of wealth on earth. The story goes on to say: I gathered grain as were I a friend of the god of harvests. I was careful at the period of seed-time. *And when now a famine arose* that lasted many years, then I distributed grain to the city in its distress. Now these "many years" could not have been a transient period of famine, but a determined historical period. Since the recurring famine of each consecutive year was a great exception, and perhaps happened only once in all Egyptian history, this is doubtless the period of seven years under the Pharaoh of Joseph, and as Baba lived at the time of the shepherd kings, Brugsch infers that this famine alluded to could be no other than that related by Joseph. The simple words of the Bible story and the inscription in the tomb of Baba are too clear and convincing to leave a doubt as to their allusion. The narrative of the Sacred Book of the elevation of Joseph, under one of the shepherd kings, and of his life at the court, of the reception of his father and brothers, all coincide, in the mind of Brugsch, with the time and place given in the tomb of Baba. Joseph's Pharaoh reigned in Zoan, the subsequent city of Rameses, with a thoroughly Egyptian court. His Pharaoh lets the knee be bowed before him to express the feeling of reverence,—and this very expression is found in the vocabulary of the hieroglyphics. Pharaoh grants to him the high dignity of Cultivator of the Land, which expression is found in the old Egyptian script. The name of Joseph's wife is strictly Egyptian. The father of his wife, one of the priests, is a genuine Egyptian, whose name is found in the language of the land, and means a "gift of the sun." The chamberlain who bought the boy Joseph from his brothers, and whose wife tempted the virtue of the young servant, bore a strictly Egyptian name. Joseph rose to the highest power beside his king, and bore the name of

Adon in the Egyptian language, and this Adon, now found on the monuments, indicates a ruler of high degree. Thus, from time to time, are recorded the historical testimonies to the truth of the Bible story.

JAPAN.

AN AMBASSADOR TAKES A GERMAN WIFE.—A very curious event has just occurred in Berlin, which is nothing less than that of the regular ambassador from Japan to that Court taking a German lady to wife. A few weeks ago Miss Elisa von Rhade Furkenhagen laid her hand confidently into that of Mr. Sindzo Aoki, ambassador and plenipotentiary of Japan to the German Empire. Mr. Aoki is the first high Japanese official who takes a German wife with a view to lead her shortly to his home; he is a Buddhist and she is a Christian, rather a strange pair. To do this, Mr. Aoki naturally needed, in the first place, to obtain the permission of the Emperor of Japan, his master, and it said that this was accorded with great readiness. The Mikado seems to have assembled around him, in order to carry out his plans of civilizing his Empire in the modern sense, a group of very sensible young men, and has sent them into the world at large, as they are found in Germany, England, France, and the United States, in order every-where to study and learn the best of every thing in the nations which they visit. In this way quite a number are living in Berlin, qualifying themselves to be statesmen, scholars, and soldiers. Japanese officers may be said to be attached to the military staff in Prussia, and make long journeys with the military household of Emperor William. They even enter the German navy; there are several Japanese midshipmen on a Prussian vessel of war. One of the most renowned of this group is the newly-married Sindzo Aoki. For an ambassador to so important a post he is still young, being but about thirty-five. He is the son of a physician and adopted son of the physician to the Mikado. He visited all the schools of his own land, and acquired degrees in many of them. He learned the Chinese tongue, which is the polite language of the refined Japanese. He even studied the Holland Dutch, in order to study medicine in Negasaki, and about eight years ago he came to Berlin to study statecraft. In a few years he became a member of the am-

bassy, then its secretary, and in 1874 was made Japanese minister to the German Court. He acquired there the love of his people, whom he was ever willing to assist in all reasonable circumstances, and made himself very acceptable to the court and the nation, and thus became quite a favorite with his own monarch. He proposes, ere long, to turn his rare culture to good account in his father-land, and is striving to bring it into relations with Western lands, not only in a civil and commercial sense, but also in a social one, and, to this end it would seem he has gained the heart and hand of a very estimable German lady, who expects soon to accompany her new lord to his eastern home. His example will be followed doubtless by many of his countrymen, who are noticed as being very fond of European women, who are frequently seen on their arm in public places of resort and amusement. It is a very serious venture for the German lady, but let us hope an auspicious one.

AFRICA.

ITS DIAMOND FIELDS.—Scarcely ten years have elapsed since the first diamond was found in the hands of a few children at the Cape of Good Hope as mere playthings, and already the yearly export of diamonds is very great. And the general opinion, that the diamonds are already growing scarce, is not the true one. On the contrary, the greater the depth the diggers reach with their machines the richer is the find. These diamond fields lie about five hundred miles in the interior from the Cape in a little district that has been peopled solely from the diamond interest, and now has about forty-five thousand inhabitants, some fifteen thousand of whom are white; the adjacent region is very sparsely populated. Originally the diamonds were found only in the rivers, from which they were washed as the gold of California. This led to the belief that some might perchance be found in the hands of the native Kaffirs, and thus was discovered the greatest known African diamond in the hands of an old charm-doctor, who wore it as an amulet, without knowing its real value. It is now known as the "Star of South-Africa." The washing and digging for diamonds on the surface earth has long been abandoned for the deep diggings, and thus some of the mines are bored in all directions. The richest of the mines is the

Kimberley, which yields about ninety-five per cent of all the African stones. The mother stratum for these diamonds is not yet found, although capital geologists have been engaged in the search. The jewels are generally obtained in what are called pans or basins, which seem to be deep salty strata, surrounded by porphyry and green stones, in which, however, no diamonds are found. Kimberley is already a city of ten thousand inhabitants, with five churches, two theaters, banks, and schools. The native Kaffirs are the principal portion of the population and the main workmen. These savages are beginning in their way to become civilized by murdering the King's English, and adopting in some measure European costumes. Occasionally, one is seen whose whole uniform consists of a stove-pipe hat, a paper collar, and a vest,—in all other respects, however, in a state of nature. These people earn weekly about five dollars. Where they can, they are inclined to steal small diamonds, and it is very difficult to control them, for they conceal them in their mouth, their ears, and even between their toes. The entire yield of Cape diamonds, until the close of last year, is estimated at a million of dollars. Most of them are handsome, but some of them are liable to burst into small fragments, a result of the gas confined in them. To prevent this premature bursting, the diamond diggers keep them in oil until they are ready to sell them. Diamond beds and gold-washing have ever been attractive to adventurers in both hemispheres, but the days are past when shiftless fellows can suddenly acquire wealth in this sphere. Subterranean treasures are only obtained, in the long run, by expensive machines, such as men of small means and uncertain characters can not obtain. The work of the solitary adventurer has ceased, and that of wealthy and extensive stock companies has begun, who search for these tempting treasures on a large scale. How much South Africa will gain by this influx of adventurous strangers, is not quite clear. They have brought much evil and much good in their train, and it is hoped that the final result of their presence in these places, so recently given up to the native savage races, will be to form a nucleus for a great center of Christian civilization, that will extend over the entire southern portion of the Continent.

ART.

PROFESSOR WEIR ON TURNER.

A RECENT contributor to the New York *Evening Post* has given to the wider public some gems of a conversation with the veteran painter, Professor Weir, of West Point. He says: "The conversation turned towards Turner, and I was glad that it took that direction, because, of all men in this country, Professor Weir was the man whose estimate of the English artist I wished to get. The Professor was at home on the subject; and, as was natural, plunged in *medias res*, and gave his opinion of the 'Slave Ship.' This work, it seems to me, gives an artist an opportunity of telling not only what he thinks about Turner, but also what he thinks about art; and the depth of his capacity to interpret it is, in a sense, the measure of his artistic genius. 'The "Slave Ship,"' said Professor Weir, 'is a wonderful piece of painting. But it tells no story whatever, and was not intended to do so. It is simply an effect of color, and of light and dark; and, as such, it is the very cream and poetry of painting. Thackeray said of Turner's "Temeraire," "If that picture could be translated into music, it would be a national anthem;" and a similar remark might be made concerning the "Slave Ship." Turner, in my opinion, painted rapidly, and from the inspiration of the moment, laying on his colors furiously, with, perhaps, only a knife or trowel. When he had done enough to suggest a thought, he would stop, and then tack on a name to the canvas—any name that his fancy dictated, or a quotation from some poem like the "Fallacies of Hope," for example, a poem which never existed. In his "Slave Ship," the black figure in the foreground has a leg ten feet long, the fish has eyes as large as dinner-plates, and iron is made to swim on the water. He fastened a manacle around that leg, and called the picture the "Slave Ship." He did not know what he intended to do when he began to paint.' The Professor proceeded to illustrate very clearly how, in his opinion, the work had been done. From the corner of his studio he brought out a marine of his own—gray-toned, cloudy, stormy, the sun setting behind a bank of dark cloud,

and tipping some of the troubled waves with light, the whole scene expressive of immensity and of utter desolation. 'I painted that,' said he, 'in an hour one morning, after looking at the "Slave Ship," just to illustrate for myself my own idea of Turner's process. I mixed my colors hurriedly on the palette, and transferred them to the canvas with a small trowel. I did not once use a brush. Now, if I wanted to give the picture a name, I should put some object on the canvas, and append a title in accordance with it.' The similarity between this picture and the 'Slave Ship' was most striking. It was not a similarity in color, or in detail, but in general treatment and effect. The representation stimulated the imagination most vigorously. It was the best commentary on Turner I had ever read. 'Ruskin, you remember,' said the Professor, 'observes that no two niches of Turner's pictures have the same tint. In that respect they are just like nature; and this result can be produced in no other way than that I have described.'"

THE ENGLISH AS A LANGUAGE FOR MUSIC.

THE "Musical Association" of Great Britain, during its recent session, accomplished a deal of good through the presentation and subsequent publication of some very able and important papers relating to musical interests of the kingdom. Seldom have its members manifested a deeper concern for the true progress and honor of their profession. Most of the papers, indeed, are of a most scholarly character, handling some of the abstrusest problems of musical science with a thoroughness which is rich in promise for the future.

Among the boldest, as well as most suggestive, essays was one by C. K. Solaman, "On the English Language as a Language for Music." Among other rich things are the following: "It is probable that the prejudice which still obtains against the English language, as a language of song, commenced with the introduction of Italian opera into this country; for it is difficult to conceive that it could have had an existence while the illustrious Henry Purcell flourished; he who, in every page of his vocal music, whether for the Church or for

the stage, afforded irrefragable proof of the fitness of the English language for English music. 'Purcell,' says a contemporary writer, 'was particularly admired for his vocal music, having a peculiar genius to express the energy of English words, whereby he moved the passions as well as caused admiration in all his auditors.' With what perfection Purcell has married his immortal music to immortal verse needs not be told to the privileged minority who have delighted in making acquaintance with his compositions. When Italian operas were first imported into England and English translations of the Italian text were called for, it was discovered that our language would not amalgamate with the music of Italy; and as it had already become the fashion that nothing was worthy to be designated "music" which was not of Italian origin, the notion that the English was not a musical language was then sown, it took root, and widely spread. . . . Our pliant language is susceptible of the utmost refinement and the highest polish, and can naturally, and as it were, affectionately lend itself to every kind of musical expression. We have such a wealth of words at our disposal that, where found necessary, on the score of euphony and variety to substitute one word for another, we can do so to almost any extent with ease, and without the sacrifice of either sense or strength. The late Sir Henry Bishop said, in 1843, that when he and Thomas Moore were conjointly engaged upon the 'National Melodies,' which he harmonized and adapted to Moore's original poetry, the poet, in order to secure the most musically sounding words, so often substituted one word for another, that in the end, after three years of revision, scarcely one word was retained that had appeared in the original manuscript. . . . Handel knew and appreciated the music of his adopted country. 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' 'He was despised and rejected of men,' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' 'Total Eclipse,' 'Deeper and deeper still,' and other sacred works by the same illustrious master, will live everlastingly to testify to the aptitude of our Scriptural language for our sublime music, and to prove irrefutably that pathos, tender expression, energy, and force, can more than compensate an Englishman for the want of vowel-ending words, and for the presence of words replete with consonants,

sibilants, and every other objectionable quality which may be discoverable in our rich and noble language."

RUBENS.

THE celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rubens was noticed at the time in its outward demonstrations in the city of Antwerp, in our daily newspapers. As usual among the Germans, this has been the occasion of new studies of the life, genius, and works of this world-renowned artist. The old records have been searched anew, and numerous interesting *brochures* have issued from the German press. From the tone indulged by these writers it is evident that Rubens is more than ever firmly intrenched in the affections of the Teutonic peoples. His creative power, wealth of coloring, technic skill, rapidity of work, and universality of study, awaken new and increasing wonders at every review of his career. From the most simple and familiar scenes of home-life to the highest and most sublime themes that can engage human thought, Rubens ranged with the ease, familiarity, and vigor of universal genius. From the very borderland of vulgarity, as in some of his mythological pictures, he mounts to the very highest summit of religious art that has been gained by the artists of the North, in his "Descent from the Cross." The frequent repetitions of the same subject is quite peculiar to Rubens. When we speak of the "Assumption," by Titian, Murillo, or Correggio, our thought turns immediately to a picture which has been distinctly, ineffaceably impressed upon our memory,—a single unit, a marvel of power. But Rubens seems to return to the same subject with fondness and a desire to introduce some newly suggested element that may place his theme in some more resplendent or revealing light. Rubens painted the "Assumption" eleven times, and he has more than a dozen paintings of the "Adoration of the Wise Men." While the mental processes of these great masters of painting may not be fully known to us, it seems that in those themes which have been common to all, Rubens seemed to be gifted with much of that creative power which said, "Light be, and light was," while to others, their works were of the character of studies, and were, therefore, true growths or developments. In his treatment of subjects

from the Old and New Testaments, among which may be mentioned, "Abraham," "Lot and Melchizedek," "Jacob and Esau," "David and Goliath," "The Judgment of Solomon," "The Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by the Angel," and "Susanna in the Bath," besides the "Murder of the Children of Bethlehem," and a whole group of representations of the Passion of our Lord,—Rubens is especially fond of those scenes where struggle and the most effective action are involved. Hence he has been called the master of dramatic representation. It was not until the latest period of his artistic activity that he undertook subjects from mediæval Church history. In these he often brings out in full relief the extremest doctrines of Mariolatry and the worship of saints. Judged by these works alone Rubens might be classed among the adherents of the Catholic Church rather than among the promoters of the great Reformation. But it is well known that, considering the times and circumstances in which he lived, he had a very lofty notion of the sacredness of human freedom, and was a warm friend of the Dutch Remonstrants and an intimate associate and companion of the great Hugh Grotius.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC.

THE youth of our country precludes the possibility of our possessing a list of old masters of melody distinctively our own, and the difficulties attending the settlement and development of our grand domain interrupted the æsthetic education of our people for a few generations; but we are rapidly overcoming the distance by which we were apparently left in the rear. The progress made, within the memory of most of us, in the study of music by the masses, in composition, and in the production of vocal artists of marked ability, has done much to obliterate the difference. We form our opinion of foreign compositions by those which are good enough to import and republish, forgetting the quantities of weak trash that is left behind, while the excellent work done here is overshadowed by the indifferent company in which it is found. American literature now occupies an honorable position in every foreign library. So, too, there are so many excellent composers in our midst that American music is rapidly winning recognition abroad.

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ART NEWS.

FOREIGN.—The foreign journals mention a movement which is likely to give great advantage to women (especially English women) who desire to pursue their art studies in Rome. It is the foundation of a school to which male students shall not be admitted, and which will at the same time afford the comforts of a home. A house has been taken in one of the healthiest sections of the city, and probably by the time this meets the eyes of the reader the school will be in successful progress. It is to be under the charge of Miss Mayor; and Signor Cammerano, Professor in the Academy of San Lucca, in Rome, will have charge of the instruction. We predict that this will prove an agreeable headquarters for the female artists of Rome who speak the English language.

—A series of twenty-one statues, emblematic of various countries represented in the Exhibition, are to be executed by different French artists for the decoration of the Palace of the Champ de Mars.

—The English seem to have an elephant on their hands in the form of the Egyptian obelisk. What to do with the thing, is now the anxious question. It is said that they are experimenting on effects in different squares and public grounds by using wooden models. The northern embankment of the Thames seems the most likely place to set up the famous needle; yet several of the most influential journals, among them the *Athenæum*, express decided opposition to this location.

—Professor Michaelis, of Strasburg, has in preparation an illustrated work on the remains of Greek sculpture from Asia Minor from the time of Alexander the Great. It will include, among other things, carefully prepared drawings of the treasures in the British Museum, from the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the temple of Athene Pallas, at Priene, and the great Ephesian Temple.

DOMESTIC.—Bricknell's painting of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery is nearly completed. It contains twenty full-length, life-sized portraits on a canvas twenty feet in length by ten in width.

—A Philadelphia firm is at work on a colossal statue of Andrew Johnson, which is to be set up near his old home in Tennessee. It is of white marble, and when placed on its pedestal will be twenty-two feet in height.

NATURE.

POISON BREAD.—The following case is reported in a recent French journal, *La Nature*: "It is well known that the salts of lead are poisonous, and that their absorption, even in minute quantities, if continued during some length of time, produces symptoms similar to those of lead poisoning. This malady usually attacks only those whose business demands the constant handling of lead or its compounds, but occasionally there are cases outside of this class of people. Dr. Ducamp presented, to the Society of Medicine and Hygiene, an account of an epidemic of lead poisoning which prevailed in a section of the city. The cause for some time eluded his search, but was at last followed up in an instructive manner. Sixty-five well-marked cases of poisoning, presenting all the characteristics produced by the absorption of lead, were observed as occurring within certain limits. This sickness attacked persons of both sexes and of all ages, neither was it confined to any one class of persons; therefore, the cause of the poison must be looked for outside of the workshop, and it was concluded that the food must contain the agent. The water was at first suspected, but on analysis it proved to be free from lead. Next, the poison was attributed to wine, but it was found that it was obtained from all possible sources, the different families buying from different grocers, while, on the other hand, they all patronized the same baker. The bread must therefore contain the poisonous element, and by chemical analysis a small quantity of lead was recovered. Dr. Ducamp was aware that inferior flour is sometimes mixed with acetate of lead, for the purpose of giving it a whiter appearance, but the flour used by this baker proved to be pure. The water used for the bread was also beyond suspicion. The question became complicated, but M. Ducamp's energetic investigation finally pointed out the mischief. The oven in which the bread was baked was of the old-fashioned kind, with a brick floor, on which, after being heated, the loaves were placed without pans. The wood used for the fire was discovered to be from the *débris* of ruined buildings. The lead contained in the paint on these old boards

was set at liberty by the burning of the wood, and settled on the bricks; therefore, when the dough was placed on them to bake, the lead adhered to the under-crust. This fact made clear some curious circumstances, which had hitherto baffled explanation. In one family, the husband alone was attacked; in another, composed of two women, one was affected while the other escaped; and, in a third, the baby was the only one of the family who remained well. In the first case, the husband dined at a restaurant where the objectionable bread was used; in the second, the woman who escaped ate only the spongy part of the loaf, her teeth being too imperfect to manage the crust; while, in the third case, the baby was never given any thing but the soft crumbs." Of course, cases of this nature must be very rare, but the subject is a pertinent example of the importance of scientific search for a hidden evil.

PERSONAL EQUATION.—It is a well-known fact that different observers make different estimates of the exact moment of the occurrence of any event. There is a common astronomical observation, in which the moment has to be recorded at which a star, traveling athwart the field of view of a fixed telescope, crosses the fine vertical wire by which that field of view is intersected. In making this observation it is found that some observers are over-sanguine, and anticipate the event, while others are sluggish, and allow the event to pass before they succeed in noting it. This is by no means the effect of inexperience or maladroitness, but it is a persistent characteristic of each individual, however practiced in the art of making observations, or however attentive he may be. The difference between the time of the noting of the event by the observer and that of its actual occurrence is called his personal equation. It remains curiously constant in every case for successive years; it is carefully ascertained for every assistant in every observatory, and is published along with his observations, and is applied to them, just as a correction would be applied to measurements made by a foot-rule

that was known to be too long or too short by some definite amount. The magnitude of a man's personal equation must, therefore, be a fundamental peculiarity of his constitution. It is suggested by Francis Galton, F. R. S., that some competent person make a comparison of the age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, and temperament, of each observer in the various observatories on both continents, with the amount of his personal equation. It could thus be found how far the more obvious physical characteristics may be correlated with certain mental ones, and we should perhaps obtain a more precise scale of temperaments than we have at present.

WELL-WATER.—An investigation of singular importance has recently been prosecuted in Rochester, New York, and, although it is of particular local interest, many of the facts and conclusions embodied in the report will doubtless apply to other cities. For some time past a relation between typhoid fever and the well-water has been suspected. The Board of Health, accordingly, requested the physicians of the city to report the names and residences of all persons having typhoid fever, or other zymotic diseases. As these were presented, health inspectors were sent to the premises to ascertain what kind of water was used by the patient, and to inquire into the sanitary condition of the well, from which samples were taken, and placed for analysis in the hands of Dr. S. A. Lattimore, Professor of Chemistry in the University. The result of the chemical analysis of these waters is startling. Out of the fifty cases of typhoid fever reported, all but two used well-water, and the samples from forty of these wells proved the water, without exception, to be impure in the extreme. The number of grains of salt to the gallon was enormous. The Doctor explains that although no mineral substance is perhaps more universally diffused than common salt, which is even regarded as an indispensable ingredient of food, yet in water its presence beyond a certain amount is to the sanitarian a signal of danger, for it then becomes certain that it comes from some unnatural source,—and what? It is obvious that nearly all the salt used for domestic purposes escapes by way of two channels, the water-closet and the house drain, so that whatever else sewage may contain, it always con-

tains salt. If sewage finds its way into a well through porous soil or crevices of rock, it inevitably brings salt with it. Hence, whenever the proportion of salt in well-water rises above a few grains per gallon, contamination by sewage or house-drainage may be confidently asserted. The following are some of the conclusions given by Dr. Lattimore in this interesting report: 1. The peculiar geological and topographical character of this city renders its wells, with rare exceptions, extremely liable to pollution from surface drainage. The entire area of the city is underlaid by thick bedded limestone, covered to no considerable depth by deposits of clay, sand, and gravel. Most wells are shallow, not reaching the rock, and are filled by the infiltration of water percolating the surrounding soil. If the wells are excavated in the rock, they simply tap the net-work of crevices and seams by which the surface water sinks to lower levels. Therefore, the deeper the well, the greater the danger of pollution. 2. Our so-called sewers are covered ditches, from which their contents may escape almost as freely as they enter; and they serve, in their passage through our porous soil, as distributing mains, filling to their own level the wells, often for great distances, on either side of their course. Instances have not been infrequent when the digging of a new sewer, or the deepening of an old one, has drained the wells of a whole neighborhood, much to the public indignation. Why such a thing could occur, was a question unasked, or, if asked, not followed to its logical conclusion. In such cases the usual remedy has generally proved efficacious,—to retaliate by deepening the wells and draining the sewers! It is a matter of doubt whether there is a city well fit for use. Medical science has not yet demonstrated what is the specific cause of typhoid fever, but a mass of evidence has already been accumulated showing in the most conclusive way that, in nearly every case intelligently investigated, such diseases have been communicated to large numbers of persons *by something in the water*. The relation of typhoid fever to polluted well-water, if not absolutely demonstrated, seems at least sufficiently clear to guide intelligent action.

PHENOMENA OF SIGHT.—Dr. Merrick, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, contributes the

following personal experience to this department: "On at least two occasions, some years ago, while reading a newspaper in the direct rays of the sun, the letters suddenly appeared to change from black to bright red. This continued for some little time, but upon turning my eyes away a moment they took on their normal action, giving the true color of the letters. No unpleasant feeling accompanied this phenomenon, which was undoubtedly caused by the intense light. Quite recently, though having been unable for years to distinguish a word of an ordinary printed page without glasses, turning my eyes suddenly upon a paragraph, and with a special effort to see, for an instant, perhaps a second, every letter was distinctly visible. I have never been able to reproduce this result."

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN WARFARE.—In the Franco-German war the first use of this powerful source of illumination was made by the French engineers, and from the forts around Paris the electric rays were made to sweep in all directions, in order that hostile troops engaged in the operation of mining might be discovered. Bodies of soldiers nearly a mile distant could plainly be seen by the vivid light of the electric lamp, and the enemy were frequently compelled to abandon their work in the presence of this powerful detector. As a means of discovering the approach of torpedo launches at night, the electric light will obviously be of value, and already a trial of it has been made

in several English ships. Experiments have shown what the electric rays are capable of doing, and it has been demonstrated that a low torpedo launch can not approach within a thousand yards without detection, while if painted a neutral gray, for the purpose of escaping observation by day, the vessel, it appears, is all the more perceptible under electric illumination. Steamers are peculiarly liable to be detected by the electric lamp, since the rays are reflected by the steam and smoke as effectively as if the latter were a solid screen. How valuable, too, the electric light on board ship must prove for signaling purposes may be gathered from the fact that the Dungeness light, which was the first one of an electric nature constructed in England, can be seen, on a clear night, at a distance of three miles, with a brilliancy equal to that of a star of the first magnitude.

AN ALGERIAN INLAND SEA.—Several schemes have been laid before the public for the creation of an inland sea in North Africa; one of the most ambitious and most impracticable of these being the flooding of a great part of the Sahara. Another scheme, which has engaged the attention of the French Government for some time, is much more feasible, and likely to be attended with good results. The report of the commission, on the plan proposed by M. Roudaire, for the creation of an inland Algerian sea, was recently presented to the French Academy of Science.

RELIGIOUS.

THE SITE OF GIBEAH OF SAUL.—In the historical books of the Bible, three or four Gibeahs are mentioned,—Gibeah, "of Judah," "of Benjamin," and "of Saul," and Gibeah in the field, besides Geba, Gibeath, Gaba, Gabatha, and similar names. The sites of some of these towns have never been ascertained, while a little uncertainty has hung over all. Following the conclusions of Dr. Robinson, most Biblical geographers have located Gibeah of Saul on Tell-el-Fûl, or "Little Hill of Beans," a bare and rocky bluff nearly four miles north of Jerusalem, and somewhat less than two

south of Ramah. Its summit, "dreary and desolate," is covered with a "confused mass of stones." The modern village of Jeba, with which Geba has been clearly identified, lies a little to the north-east. Late observations made by Lieutenant Conder, of the "Palestine Exploration Fund," make all these names pertain to one locality,—Gibeah being somewhat loosely applied in the Scriptures to a country district, of which Geba was the principal town. The reasons given for this change seem to be conclusive, and are of interest to the Biblical student. We are told that "the watchmen of

Saul in Gibeah of Benjamin" saw the fight raging at Michmash. This they could not possibly have done if Gibeah had been built on Tell-el-Fâl; but, if they stood on the heights near the modern Jeba, the battle-field was within their easy range of vision. We are told, again, that the unhappy Levite, the story of whose wrongs is recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Judges, "*turned aside* thither, to go in and to lodge in Gibeah;" this he must do to reach the neighborhood of Jeba, but Tell-el-Fâl is directly on the highway to Jerusalem. Then there is a large cave (wrongly translated "*meadows*," in the English version) mentioned as existing in Geba, and this has been discovered near the newly chosen site. Lastly, Josephus places the residence of King Saul near "the Valley of Thorns;" and "the sharp rock, Seneh," mentioned in 1 Samuel, xiv, 4, as marking this neighborhood, might have been more accurately rendered, the "rock of thorns." According to Lieutenant Conder, Jeba is bordered by a little *wady* called the "Valley of the Little Thorn-bushes," which seems to make the identification complete.

THE STRENGTH OF PRESBYTERIANISM.—According to statistics published by the Pan-Presbyterian Council, there are, on the Continent of Europe, 5,023 parishes or charges, with 5,506 ministers; in the United Kingdom, 4,997 congregations or charges, with 4,403 ministers; in the United States, 9,793 parishes or charges, with 7,864 ministers; and, in the British colonies, 1,560 parishes or charges, with 1,214 ministers. There are, in the United States, 1,052,339 Presbyterian communicants. The annual contributions for all religious purposes are \$14,512,198; or nearly \$15 to each member. "The Presbyterian theological seminaries," according to the report presented to the Council by Rev. Dr. Prime, "have 200,000 volumes, out of 525,000 volumes, in all the divinity schools in the United States."

THE POPULATIONS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—A paper recently read before the London Statistical Society gave some interesting information concerning the populations of Russia and of Turkey, which must have a bearing on future missionary efforts in those two great countries. The former of these Empires has 84,584,482 inhabitants, the latter only 25,986,868; or, including Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis,

43,408,900. The population of Roumania is 4,850,000; of Serbia, 1,352,500. The population of Russia increases at the rate of 1.1 per cent per annum, the increase among the Jews being at least double what it is among the Christians. There exist no data for calculating the increase in Turkey, although it is nearly certain that the dominant race does not increase at all, partly because of vicious practices, and partly because of the sacrifices demanded from it for the defense of the Empire. In the Russian Empire there are 100 Russians to every fifty members of other nationalities, and 100 Christians to every 16 Mohammedans and pagans. In Turkey, on the other hand, 100 Turks have, opposed to them, 197 members of other nations; and to 100 Mohammedans there are 47 Christians. In Russia, all dissent from the State Church is regarded with disfavor, and in several provinces, even of late, members of "heretical" bodies have been rigorously persecuted. Although a measure of tolerance is extended, bigotry is the rule, and this immense Empire is effectually locked and barred against the intrusion of any evangelical mission. For many years the Turkish Government and people have allowed the largest liberty to missionaries (except, indeed, when a convert was occasionally made from Mohammedism), and their labors have been greatly blessed. Since the outbreak of the war, however, their work has been generally checked, and at many points has stopped.

"SECTS" IN MOHAMMEDISM.—The opinion so generally entertained, that Islam is a rigidly inflexible creed, whose cast-iron dogmas compel unvarying uniformity, seems to be erroneous. According to M. Hackluya, on whose studies the present conflict throws fresh light and interest, the wildest vagaries of Christian thought have been equaled, if not exceeded, by the fantastical speculations of many of the devotees of the false prophet. Proudhon's doctrine, that "property is robbery," is anticipated in the work of the Persian Mazdak; and this doctrine, which a sultan embraced, could only be exterminated from Persia by fire and sword. The Mewlevis had precisely the ecstatic dreams and visions which the Spiritualists of our day profess to have. The Roufais laid great stress on the exact measure of future reward and punishment. The

Calenders seem to have been a sort of barefooted friars, whose whole duty it was to go without shoes, and hate other sects. The Soukkiots were the *know-nothings* of the Orient, and their boast was that nobody should find from them what they believed. The Hebibuharis spent all their time in calling themselves "miserable sinners," and praying the Lord to forgive them; but they were High-Churchmen, and, like most of that sort, boasted that they were the true and only Church, and better than other men. Every shade of opinion from extreme Pharisaism to the blackest atheism and moral indifference seems to have been represented by some Moslem sect.

MISCELLANEA.—Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, now in his ninety-fourth year, has offered to undertake a mission to secure an amelioration of the condition of the Jews of Northern Africa. Several years ago he made a visit to Palestine, with a view to the observation of the condition of the Jews there.

The proposal to found "Theological Halls" in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, for the better instruction (by means of tutors) of candidates for the Algerian ministry, appears to be gaining favor in England.

The "Church of Jesus," in Mexico, has now seventy congregations. The American Church Missionary Society has thus far furnished more than seventy-five thousand dollars to carry on the work of this young Church.

In the month of July there were five thou-

sand six hundred and ninety-seven liquor shops in New York City without license, and more than two thousand liquor dealers whose licenses were invalid.

The Union Theological Seminary, in New York City, is to be made rich by the gift of a collection of relics, coins, manuscripts, specimens of the flora, mineralogy and geology of Biblical lands, now being made by Dr. Philip Schaff.

STATISTICAL ITEMS.—In Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, out of a total population of 2,322,603, about 1,638,000 are estimated as Protestants, and 533,000 Roman Catholics.

—There are in Illinois 464,661 children enrolled in the Sabbath-schools, which figure is only 189,678 less than the attendance on the public schools of the State. Many children who belong to the latter are, doubtless, under Roman Catholic, Jewish, or skeptical influences. Only one-half of the children in the State are attendants on the Sabbath-schools.

—In connection with the Reformed Church in Holland, there is now a Sunday-school Union embracing more than 400 schools, 3,000 teachers, and 70,000 scholars.

—Of the 5,753 churches of the Presbyterian denomination, 948 are vacant. Of these 32 are among the strongest, numbering from 200 to over 500 members. Of the 5,153 ministers, 378 are without charges, 212 operate as evangelists, and 96 are *in transitu*.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

RUSSIA LEATHER.—While Marshall Jewell was our minister in Russia he visited the tanneries of that country, and found out for himself the secret of the Russia leather, beloved of book devotees. The secret has been known, however, a long time, and is simply the result of birch-bark tar, with which the skins are dressed in place of tallow and grease, the latter substance being so largely used as food among the lower classes. This tar, which is carefully saved as it exudes from the wood when burned, was first used as a substitute for wheel grease in Russia, as it is to this day, and then for the filling and dressing of skins. By a system of

careful inquiry, and literally following his nose during his visits to some of the great Russian tanneries and curriers' shops, Mr. Jewell found this compound in a great kettle ready for use, and thus the mystery was solved. It is not expensive, costing about \$10 a barrel, and he immediately ordered ten barrels, and sent them to various leading leather manufacturers in this country with instructions, and the result is that genuine Russia leather goods are now made in America.

THE LUNGS OF A CITY.—So public parks are named. The phrase is constantly used,

and it is an expressive description of the pure air that is breathed in these places; but few persons know its origin, or who invented it. It seems to have originated with the British Statesman, William Windham, who, in a debate in the House of Commons, on June 30, 1808, respecting certain encroachments upon Hyde Park, said that the Park was "the lungs of London."

GLOVES.—In the early ages of Christianity gloves were a part of monastic costume, and, in later periods, formed a part of the Episcopal habit. The glove was employed by princes as a token of investiture; and to deprive a person of his gloves was a mark of divesting him of his office. Throwing down a glove constituted a challenge, and the taking it up an acceptance.

A BATCH OF FALLACIES.—Du Par, in his "*Reserches sur les Americains*," says that Montezuma sacrificed annually twenty thousand children to the idols in the temples of Mexico. In such assertions the improbability and exaggerations are so self-evident that it is needless to dwell upon them. Books tell us that the Duke of Alva put to death by the hand of the executioner, in the Low Countries, eighteen thousand gentlemen, while the fact is that scarcely two thousand could have been collected here.

Even in the time of Titus Livius there was so much doubt as to the truth of the legend of the Horatii and Curiatii, that he writes, one can not tell to which of the two contending people the Horatii and Curiatii belonged. Yet this cautious historian related, in another place, that Hannibal fed his soldiers on human flesh to give them energy and courage!

M. de Humboldt set himself to disprove some of the anecdotes of Christopher Columbus—the fable of the egg that he is said to have broken in order to make it stand upright; and the accounts of his anxiety, amounting to agony, among his mutinous crew, to whom he had faithfully promised a sight of land. An American author has endeavored, likewise, to prove that there was no such discoverer as Columbus, and that the navigator of that name, as he is known to historians, was indebted to a former sea captain for all his ideas about a Western passage to India.

In the history of England, the Duke of Clarence was for four centuries believed to have

been drowned in a butt of Malmsey, but W. Hepworth Dixon, the author of "*The Historic Antiquities of the Tower of London*," claims to have entirely exposed this as an error.

According to the Abbe Barthelemy, at the memorable battle of Thermopylæ, Leonidas, instead of resisting the Persians with three hundred men, commanded at least seven thousand men. The learned Spon ridicules the pretended wit of Diogenes, and explains it in quite another way. Alfred Maury endeavors to convince us that Cæsar never said, and never would have said, to the pilot, "Why do you fear; you have Cæsar and his fortunes on board."

NOAH WEBSTER'S ENGLISH.—The first folio "*Dictionary of the English Language*," by Dr. Webster, was a great improvement upon all its predecessors; but the suggestions made by the author for the proper spelling of certain words never possessed much weight, and a few changes which obtained currency for a while have in later editions been dropped. Some of the author's innovations, however, sanctioned, as they soon were, by good authority and usage, have been retained. These were the omission of the *u* in such words as honour; the transposition of *r* and *e* in such words as theatre; dropping *k* from almanack, etc. It looks ridiculous to read such a paragraph as the following, embracing a large number of words with his peculiar orthography. It was found on the fly-leaf of a Webster's Dictionary, in the hand-writing of a distinguished American statesman, now deceased, and entitled, "*A Specimen of Webster's Orthography* (in part), selected from his various dictionaries, five in number, and no two alike." It will do to laugh at, but even some of these changes here introduced are now so common that any other way of spelling these words would seem antiquated—such as *plow* instead of *plough*, etc.:

"A group of *neger wimmen*, black as *sut*, were told to *soe* and hold their *tungs*; but, instead of *soeing*, they left their *thred*, regardless of *threts*, and went to the *theater*, where they saw as *grotesk* an exhibition as you can *imagin*, to-wit, a *traveler*, a *plow*, a *porpeess*, a *zeber*, and a *leperd*, from an eastern *iland*; also, a *rane-deer*, a *woodchuk*, a *racoon*, a *weesel*, and a *shammy*; likewise an *ax*, a *gillotin*, a *chimist*,

with specimens of *granit*, and a *hucster* with his *cags* and *fassets*; and, above all, a *specter* rising from a *sepulcher*—a most *redoubtable* *fantom*, full seven feet in *highth*—his color of *ocher*, a *hagard* face, eyes without *luster*, a *lether* cap *crowded* with *ribins* and *fethers*, a *sombre* *cloke*, an *opake* *scepter* in one hand, a *marvelous* *saber* or *cimeter* in the other; and with these *accoutrements* he *vanted* his valor, and *thretened* to *massacer* every *hypocrit* and *libertin* present: whereat the *neger* *wimmen* were frightened, and ran home. But for this *hainous* misbehavior, their *steddy* superior being at a loss to *determin* on the proper *disciplin*, in his *suveran* pleasure tied them up by the *thums*; and, with the vigor *requisit* to punish such *maneuvers*, denied them their *maiz* and *melasses*."

"M" AND "N" IN THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—Why, in the marriage service, do we have "M" for the man and "N" for the woman? The best explanation we have seen of this is, that M stands for "*maritus*" (the bridegroom), and N for "*nupta*" (the bride). Another explanation is thus given: In the Episcopal Marriage Service and Catechism, the answer to the question, "What is your name?" is "N or M." N stands (as it always did in old manuscripts for "*nomen*" or name; M for NN, "*nomina*" or names. So that "answer N or M" means simply "answer name or names." In black letter the forms of N and M are so very similar, that by an easy contraction double N would pass into M, and thus the contracted NN for "*nomina*" might have come into M. It is, however, remarkable that, while in the Catechism, we read N or M, in the marriage service, we have invariably M for the man, and N for the woman.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.—One of the most egregious of all literary blunders is that of the edition of the Vulgate, by Sixtus V. His Holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, and, to the amazement of the world, the work remained without a rival. It swarmed with errata! A multitude of scraps were printed to paste over the erroneous passages in order to give the true text. The book makes a whimsical appearance with these patches, and the heretics exulted in this demonstration of papal infallibility; the copies were called in, and violent attempts made to suppress it. A few still re-

main for the raptures of the Biblical collectors. At a late sale, the Bible of Sixtus V brought above sixty guineas,—not too much for a mere book of blunders. The world was highly amused at the bull of the editorial pope prefixed to the first volume, which excommunicates all printers who, in reprinting it, should make any alteration in the text.

HOW TURKEYS CAME TO BE SO CALLED.—

Does the name given to this domestic fowl indicate that it originally came from Turkey? The name Guinea-hen indicates that the bird came from Guinea, where it was first found. The name Pheasant is derived from the river Phasis in Asia, where this fowl is native. The name Dorking shows that the bird came from Dorking, in England, where it was common. In like manner, does the name Turkey indicate that the bird came from Turkey? The answer to this question is No. How, then, came it to have this name? This is the answer: A certain large trading corporation called the Turkey Company, traded first to the East Indies, and then to the West Indies, and the adjacent continent where this bird was found. In some of the Company's ships it was brought to England, and was called the Turkey Company Bird, the Turkey Bird, and the Turkey. (See Hakluyt's *Voyages*.) In the same way Indian-corn was called Turkey-corn, it being brought by the Turkey Company, and Spanish-corn, it being cultivated by the Spanish in America. Some epicures have fancied that the flesh of the bird is in greater perfection in this, its native country, than in Europe. If the fact is so, it may be owing to its being fattened here upon Indian-corn, which communicates its sweetness to its flesh. Others prefer the wild-turkey to the domesticated species, because of its gamy flavor; but it is generally less juicy, and is rarely taken in so good a condition for the table as the tame fowl. The acorns and nuts upon which it feeds give a coarse taste to the flesh which does not pass off even with "ripening." Other early pioneers never shot turkeys, but captured them alive in traps. These traps were simply covered pens, with one side partially open at the bottom, and the corn was scattered along inside and out, and turkey's finding which entered. The foolish bird never looked down to find the entrance, but always aloft to discover an exit.

LITERATURE.

A SINGLE feature of the *Methodist Quarterly*, for October, afforded the subject for our "Study" for this number of the *NATIONAL*. That number of the *Review*, however, is, as a whole, not undeserving of a proper literary notice in this department of our monthly. The number in hand has six principal or contributed articles. The first, by J. H. Dawson, Esq., Norfolk, Virginia, is entitled "The Atonement in its Relations to the Moral Universe." It seems to be only a restatement of doctrine, as, indeed, any Scriptural view of some of the ordinary commonplaces of the subject is necessarily shut up to the plain and beaten track that has been gone over thousands of times. As soon may one attempt to make a new multiplication table as to make a new theory of the Atonement that shall not be false. The second paper, by Rev. William Ackman, D. D., Aurora, New York, on "The Words Elohim and Jehovah, in Genesis," clearly shows that while the former of these terms is generic, and applicable to any and all kinds of gods, the latter is proper and personal, indicating one sole individual,—"the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,"—the JEHOVAH of Israel. The failure properly to indicate this distinction in our English Bible has been the occasion of an untold amount of confusion and misunderstanding. "The Rise and Development of Caste in India," Professor G. Theor. Dippold, Boston University, is the subject of the third article, which is a valuable and instructive presentation of an important and interesting subject. In article fourth, Rev. W. B. Slaughter, D. D., treats of a subject to which he seems to have devoted a good deal of thought. His paper is entitled, "The System of the World—Its Origin." He antagonizes the nebular theory. Professor Hemenway, North-western University, Evanston, Illinois, gives, in article fifth, a syllabus of the chief points of Bibliology, in the special sense, proving its divinity without illuminating its humanity. His piece is entitled, "The Divine Origin of the Bible." Last of all, in this part we have "Schoeberlein on the Resurrection Body," translated from the German, by Professor Lacroix, of Delaware, Ohio.

It is well written and well translated, and ingeniously, if not convincingly, argued. We must say, however, that if the doctrine of the raising up of the material bodies of men can be sustained by no better arguments than those here given, that doctrine is in a bad way. All these papers are respectably good of their kind; but no one of them will add any thing considerable to the stock of learned religious thinking.

In the "Synopsis of the Quarterlies" may be found some very good reading. Out of the *North American*, for July, large extracts, and very suggestive, are made from the paper of Hon. D. A. Wells, on "How Shall the Nation Regain Prosperity?" Dr. Thomson's Notes on Egyptology, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, supplies some valuable extracts, and is made the occasion of some sharp annotations by the editor. From the *English Review*, an extract from a book notice in the *Westminster* filling four closely printed pages, is given, discussing Darwin's remarks on cross-fertilization, as "furnishing some important views of the present state of the teleological question." Another is from the *Edinburgh*, of one page, on "The Glory, Decline, and Fate of the English Yeomanry," with a suggestive addendum by the editor. The *German Review* affords themes for remarks on the "Gauls in Asia Minor" (Galatians), and on the "Relations of Christianity to Education" in Europe; and the French *Revue Chretienne* gives the editor an opportunity briefly to restate the question of "Protestant Theological Education in France."

In the article of "Foreign Religious Intelligence" will be found a valuable and highly interesting summary of the religious statistics of Australia and New Zealand, where it appears that under the British flag is rapidly growing up an Anglo-Saxon and Protestant Empire, of vast proportions, and almost infinite possibilities. We are glad to observe that, in that far-away trans-tropical region, Methodism, of the genuine Wesleyan type, and with the later (British) Wesleyan form of government, is proving itself equal to its opportunities, and to the demands laid

upon it in a new and wide and comparatively destitute social community. The "Foreign Literary Intelligence" treats of Pressense's "First Three Centuries," and of Mons. J. Vapereau's "Dictionnaire des Contemporains," which latter is commended as a valuable guide to the literature of France.

We come next to the *Quarterly Book Table*, where we always expect to meet the learned editor face to face; this time we find him there in his liveliest mood. The first article (on Dr. Raymond's work) has already received our attention. The next is on Dr. Hurst's "Theological Century," which, with its author, is played with, very much after the fashion of a polar bear with a Labrador sledge dog. The editor concludes with the remark, "that in grandiloquent self-appreciation, the Rev. Mr. Bull is quite surpassed by Rev. Bro. Jonathan." It may be hoped that nobody will be hurt by these muscular gambols. After this comes a notice of "The Origin and Destiny of Man," by Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Aurora, Ill., one of the younger ministers of the Rock River Conference, whose pulpit labors in Chicago have attracted some attention during the last few years, and of whose orthodoxy some whisperings of suspicion have been heard. These surmises, which before had only floated in the air, and were therefore capable of being made much or little of, according to each one's fancy, have now become fixed and tangible realities by appearing in print. We have queried whether or not it is best that a young man, and therefore almost necessarily an immature thinker, should rush into print. If he does so, he will quite certainly utter what he will afterward wish unsaid; and if he delays till he has thoroughly matured his thoughts, most likely he will never print them at all,—and so the world will be deprived of any good that they might have done. Dr. Thomas appears to be thoroughly furnished with the "courage of his opinions," and the magnitude of any theme seems not to at all daunt him. He preaches, and now prints, sermons on "God, Creation, Origin and Antiquity of the Human Race, Evil, Salvation, Death, Immortality, Resurrection, Judgment, Retribution, Heaven;" what more could be ventured? But though very bold, he is also cautious; not dogmatical, but tentative; suggesting rather than declaring his doubts, and not affirming, he only

hypothesizes his strange theories; and this, we may add, is the surest way to unsettle the minds of half-taught and therefore opinionated young persons. We need not say that we are in favor of great liberty of thinking, within the limits of fundamental orthodoxy; but we doubt the wisdom, and even the good faith, of a minister's airing all his errant misgivings in the pulpit, and before promiscuous assemblies. In doing this, we think that Dr. Thomas has erred, as others have done in the same way. If old notions are to be cast off,—as perhaps some must be,—would it not be better to leave them to fall off naturally?

In noticing this book, Dr. Whedon takes occasion to utter a significant word about Methodist orthodoxy, theoretical and practical. Referring to certain recent expressions on this subject, he remarks:

In the last session of the British Conference the venerable Dr. Osborn propounded that no question not left an open question by Mr. Wesley should be allowed to be an open question by that Conference. . . . Dr. Thomas's book would undoubtedly exclude him from the British Conference. And there have been editorials in our official papers, *even our greatest official*, that would quite as clearly exclude the editor. [!] We suspect that Dr. Raymond's mild eschatology would exclude him. . . . We imagine that the census would be small of American Methodist preachers who would accept Mr. Wesley's physical views of hell."

By way of special comment on the above, we would, leaving all others to look after their own cases, so far as we may be individually concerned, choose to exercise our own liberty in confessing judgment to a charge of heresy. We are very well aware that previously to the last General Conference such confessions [or accusations] were made for us, *for a purpose*; but since that purpose was accomplished we had heard nothing more about it. And now being called to answer so grave a charge, we wish respectfully, but earnestly, to enter our *plea of not guilty*, and to call for the proofs, which we suspect will be hard to find. Again, as to the last sentence of the above extract. If the future state is to be a physical one, made such by a physical resurrection (and to the unsaved that state must be one of perdition), why should Wesley's "Physical Views of Hell," be so generally rejected? This whole matter of orthodoxy and heresy, among Methodists, and espe-

cially among Methodist ministers, is becoming one of grave consideration. We noticed the utterances and action of the British Conference, at the time, and felt their perilousness. The rule laid down by Dr. Osborn, and by implication accepted by the Conference, is altogether uncertain and impracticable. The standards indicated by Mr. Wesley, in his celebrated "Deed Pole," constitute a small library in themselves; and while they contain some important items of doctrine which are entirely foreign to Methodism, they are silent on some others of prime importance. Any judicial proceedings for heresy under the authority of such uncertain standards must necessarily be uncertain and especially liable to abuse. In this country, as formally recognized standards, we have only the twenty-five "Articles of Religion," which, while they guard carefully against certain Romish abuses, and answer certain political questions, leave untouched many of the chief points of our theology; they declare the resurrection of Christ, but say nothing directly of any other. They teach the "procession" and personality of the Holy Ghost, but are silent in respect to his office work. They confess that the Holy Scriptures "contain all things necessary to salvation," but say nothing of their inspiration. They contain the doctrine of *Original Sin*, but seem to stop short of *Total Depravity*. They tell us what is not the "sin against the Holy Ghost," but fail to give any intimation on the positive side of that subject. Their utterance about "Free Will" seems to imply that the human will is *not free* till emancipated by grace; and as to "good works," very little good appears to be conceded to them. Respecting the Fall of Man (as a historical fact), the Extent of the Atonement, the "Witness of the Spirit," and the work of sanctification, and respecting the *future state of the ungodly*, they are quite silent; and yet among these omitted items are contained some of the profoundest and most precious doctrines of our Christianity,—doctrines that have ever been the glory and inspiration of Methodism.

The case is altogether a curious and an especially difficult one, and all the more so because just at this time there seems to be an unsettling of the old foundations. Personally we are among those who hold to the importance, not to say the absolute necessity, of a well defined and sufficiently full formulary

of faith, as a condition of Church fellowship. We do not believe that our own Church can get along safely without such a creed generally understood and heartily accepted among us. But have we any where written out, and authoritatively indicated, any such clearly defined system of doctrines? In case of a trial for heresy, what are the standards that may be appealed to as final and decisive on any doctrinal question? In many such cases does not nearly every thing depend on the peculiar personal opinions and doctrinal predilections of the triers? Hitherto we have gotten along tolerably well with our common understanding of what are Methodist doctrines, and our unwritten *consensus*; but with our learned ministry and our theological schools, variant schools of theology may spring up; and then what will we do with them? To our vision the outlook in this matter is far from assuring.

Passing over several points, we come at length to the remarks on "Formal Fraternity;" but as we never "took stock" in that business, nor yet antagonized it, we might let the whole article pass, but for certain remarks "lugged in" near its close. A rather sharp newspaper conflict has been carried on for nearly a year past between a Methodist and an "Independent" paper in New York. From all possible connection with that warfare, direct or indirect, we have most carefully and religiously abstained; and we think it would have been well for all except those immediately concerned to have done the same thing. But if Dr. Whedon felt that it was his duty to come to the help of a friend, it would have been well if he could have done it without unjustly implicating another. The influences that brought about a certain election, by the smallest possible majority, at the last General Conference, have been permitted by us to remain uncanvassed. Loyal sons of the Church actuated by sentiments akin to those of the two dutiful sons of Noah, who refused to look upon, but made haste to cover up, their parent's shame, have chosen to suffer in silence rather than to seek self-redress in the exposure of what had better remain untold. But it will not do to parade that act, so brought about, as "the clear expression of the General Conference's purpose." Dr. Whedon may not be presumed to be aware of some things, which, had he known, it is not likely that he would have written the things we refer to.

Last of all, we find our own official and personal individuality under the editorial scalpel. As we read this part, we at first, being in a classical frame of thought, called up the image of the sacrificial victim, *garlanded and led to the slaughter*. Afterwards, coming down to our every-day thinking, we found our mind going over the old nursery rhyme:

"The cat will play,
And after slay."

For any thing complimentary toward us, uttered in that brief notice, we wish to render our most earnest thanks; for it is so seldom that we find any thing of the kind in any of our "official" publications that the surprise in this case renders the compliment all the more agreeable. But for that Parthian arrow (we will call it a Joabish kiss), we have only regrets; for it is as *unjust* as it is *ungenerous*.

Somewhat it would seem that our poor self must have been shadowing the imagination of our coeval veteran *confre* while making up that editorial summary. First, we are named and dealt with in connection with Dr. Raymond; second, though not named, we are clearly referred to in the notice of Dr. Thomas's book. Possibly we may be squinted at in the closing paragraph of the notice of Dr. Winchell's, but as we are not quite sure of it, we will not count that. Third, we are clearly and most unpleasantly brought into notice in the article on "Fraternity," and fourth, very fully and very complementarily in the note on the REPOSITORY, which, however, closed with a terrible back-handed slap. *Hic finis fundi*.

We have lying "on our table," received from Harper & Brothers, publishers, the seventh volume (New—Pes) of the *Cyclopædia of Biblical Theology and Ecclesiastical Literature*. Prepared by the Rev. John McClintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. It is in size an imperial octavo; 1,003 pages, double columns, and closely printed. Each page is just about equal to two of our ordinary pages, or six of a fair-sized duodecimo. In addition to a variety of pictorial illustrations, designed more for use than ornamentation, the volume is accompanied by a detached map, or rather three maps, severally of Palestine, Environs of Jerusalem, and the City of Jerusalem, on one sheet, for which a pocket is provided in the left-hand cover. This strikes us rather a good

arrangement. Forty-one writers are named as contributors to this volume, representing a very wide range of ecclesiastical and literary relations. The whole number of separate articles must amount to several thousands. Of the general character and excellence of this great work, our readers need not to be informed, and especially such as have seen the preceding volumes. It is designed to cover the whole field of literature described by the three descriptive words of title, and it seems to be accomplishing its work with as much fulness as the limits assigned will allow. The seven volumes already issued extend over two-thirds of the alphabet, and there may be good ground to believe that the promised three more volumes will fully cover the whole intended range. It would be highly desirable, were it possible, that the work might be pushed forward to its completion with somewhat greater dispatch than has been the case with the last two or three volumes. Any one who possesses this work has always at hand a well stored theological library, so classified that he may turn at once to any subject for information.

NELSON & PHILLIPS, New York, and Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, are doing a valuable work in bringing out some really excellent juvenile books; and they have been especially fortunate in securing for that purpose the services of Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. They announce, and before this notice shall be in the hands of its readers, will have issued, five beautiful little volumes from her pen, severally entitled, "A Year at Riverside," "The Bear's Den," "Summer Days at Kirkwood," "Uncle Dick's Legacy, and Walking and Mining," and "Fighting the Enemy, and the House that Johnny Rented." They are to be books of from 200 to 250 pages each, 18mo., finely printed on tinted paper, moderately illustrated, and bound up in fancy cloth.

They have also just issued, in a fine duodecimo volume, pp. 329, *The Protestant Queen of Navarre, the Mother of the Bourbons*, by Virginia F. Townsend. The subject and the author are both full of promise, which our hasty examination of its pages only confirms.

Also, *Pictures from our Portfolio*, arranged by Annie Myrtle. (One hundred illustrations). Square 16mo. Pp. 206.

THE old Scriptural aphorism about "making many books" will apply just now with special force to treatises about the relations of Science and Revelation; and were any body to read them all, he might, indeed, add, from his own experience, that "much study is a weariness to the flesh." In regard to not a few of these, may also be used that other Scriptural reproof about darkening "counsel by words without knowledge." Of this general class of works is one lately issued by Lippincott & Co., on the *Agreement of Science and Revelation*.^{*} The author's method is simple and rational, but in no wise novel or original; and so of the arguments, and argumentative statements, we find in them very little that is new either in substance or form. The book, perhaps, suffers somewhat by standing so directly in the same line with the late work of Dr. Winchell, with which it can be compared only to its disadvantage. As a summarized popular view of the subject, seen from a given standpoint, the book may be satisfactorily referred to; but for a thorough examination of its subjects, in their latest aspect, there are other books that may be more advantageously consulted.

NOTWITHSTANDING the "hard times," we are pleased to see that our good Presbyterian friends, Robert Carter & Brother, continue to issue some valuable religious works, both new and old. Among their more recent ones are, *The Gospel Pointing to the Person of Christ*, by Rev. Andrew A. Bonar; and *The Giant Killer, or the Battle that All Must Fight*, by A. L. O. E. The former is a well-known little work,

devotional and didactic rather than argumentative, and full of the spirit of the Gospel. The latter is one of its gifted author's allegories. Within the same covers is also another book, *The Roby Family, a Sequel to the Giant Killer*, in which the lesson of the former work is enforced by incidents and examples.

ANY party to a controversy does a service to his cause by stating his own case; and that must be, indeed, a weak cause that can not be so stated as to appear to be good. These thoughts were suggested as we looked over the little volume entitled *The Church of the Apostles*,^{*} written by Bishop Kip, of California, and dedicated to Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana. It is designed to present in clear, but concise terms, a view of the early Church in respect to "Creeds," "Fellowship," "Eucharist," and "Liturgies,"—closing with a brief but suggestive "conclusion." It is really a good book, and whose reading will tend to Christian edification, though, as might be expected, its whole tone and tendency is specially to favor the views and practices of the Protestant Episcopal Church,—all of which it is steadily intimated are derived from the teachings and practices of the Primitive Church, which must be accepted with some pretty broad exceptions.

APPLETON'S *Experimental Science Series for Beginners* has recently been enlarged by the addition of a little volume of 112 pages, finely printed and illustrated, entitled, *Light: a Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Light*, by Alfred Mayer and Charles Barnard.

EX CATHEDRA.

A WORD TO THE BRETHREN.

THIS issue of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY completes its first year, in its transformed character. How well it has fulfilled the promises made for it a year ago, they who have read and examined its successive numbers may now determine. For ourselves, while we do

not propose to adopt the language of apology or deprecation, we are free to confess that we are only partially satisfied with the results of our work. The magazine for the current year has been, indeed,—considered apart from its incidental conditions,—neither a failure nor a success. We have been able to make a publi-

^{*}THE AGREEMENT OF SCIENCE AND REVELATION. By Joseph H. Wythe, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 290.

^{*}THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTLES. By Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Bishop of California. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. Pp. 174. \$1.50.

cation of a pure and elevated, literary and moral character, adapted to the wants of all classes of readers; while in its artistic illustrations, though excelled by some that make of these a specialty, it has maintained an average excellence that has seldom been equaled by any other in its first year. In its general appearance,—its paper, typography, and printing,—it has very, very few equals in the country. How well the work of the editor has been done, it may not become us to say. We willingly allow the work to speak for itself, and we freely consent that it shall stand or fall according to the intelligent judgment of its readers. We only ask to be read carefully throughout, and with an unprejudiced judgment. This has been done to a limited extent; and to those who have so read the twelve numbers of the magazine, we have only to promise that we shall labor with all diligence and with our improved facilities to make the next volume somewhat better than the present.

It is well known that the *Ladies' Repository*, of which the *NATIONAL* is partly the continuation and partly the successor, after having enjoyed a period of great success, had, one year ago, reached a very low point in its circulation; and from being a source of large profits it had become an occasion of a large deficit in the income of its publishers. This state of the case led to its discontinuance in its former shape and the substitution of our present monthly in its stead. It was hoped that this change would so meet the public requirements that something of the favor that had been lost would be recovered, and that the magazine would again become self-supporting,—a hope that has been realized in some good degree, yet not wholly.

As a publication issued by authority of the Church, and from the denominational press, our monthly must look chiefly to the members of the Church for its support, and to the Church's regular agencies for its successful circulation. This fact, no doubt, has its disadvantages; but it is also believed that its advantages more than compensate for these, of which there would be no doubt were the Church's agencies wrought up to their fullest practicable efficiency. Its more than seven thousand pastors scattered over the length and breadth of the land, and located in almost every city, town, and hamlet, are its agents,

who are expected as a part of their pastoral work to bring this, with others of the Church's publications, to the notice of the people, and to procure their subscriptions. The General Conference did its part of the work in decreeing that the magazine should be issued, and in designating the proper officers for the performance of the work. The editor has performed his part of the work in the due preparation of the matter to be published, and the publishers have rendered their part in seeing to it that the matter so provided should be duly produced in the required form and delivered to the subscribers. But all these provisions must be confined in their operation and effectiveness within the limits that shall be set to its circulation by those to whom that part of the work is committed. After all that has been done, therefore, it must be evident that success or failure depends at last upon those who represent this interest before the people. The degree of success already achieved has been effected through their activity and fidelity, and all the hopes that may be entertained for future increase and more complete success must rest upon that foundation, which, there is reason to believe, will not fail in this emergency.

It is a great partnership in which all these parties concerned are engaged in a common interest. It has been judged by the highest authority of the Church to be expedient, and a thing to be advised, that a monthly magazine should be prepared and issued from the Church press. The "scope and character" of that publication has been defined by a competent committee, to whom that duty was assigned by the General Conference; and the business of preparing the matter was given to the elected editor; while the work of manufacturing it, and whatever pertains to its mechanical preparation, together with its financial interests, devolved upon the Book Agents. Upon these, because of their more immediate connection with the work, a special responsibility seems to rest, and, accordingly, they may be presumed to feel a special interest in its success, since failure in the enterprise would appear first of all to be chargeable against them. And yet, since its final success is not with them, but with those who have direct access to the people, they have a right to ask that they shall not be forsaken in this extremity.

The editor never sought the place, but only accepted it in obedience to the call of the General Conference, and afterwards at the earnest solicitation of some who desired to see the enterprise of a first-class magazine fairly tested; and so wholly passive had he been in all the proceedings that culminated in his election to the position, that he might, without superstition, view it as a providential intimation of duty. And now, having thus consented to occupy the most difficult and delicately responsible place in all this business, he feels that he may without undue assumption solicit the earnest co-operation of his brethren,—the pastors who hold in their hands the key to the situation, and who can, by their united co-operation, render the undertaking an eminent success.

The Book Agents, too, may justly claim the needed assistance of their partners in this undertaking, and especially in its financial development to success. They are charged by the General Conference with the duty of doing the work, and of paying its necessary cost; but for this no other resources are left to them, except the stated income from the subscriptions to the magazine. From the original inception of the design of such a publication, all the way down to its completion, the effective co-operation of the pastors has been relied upon as a condition essential to its success, and in all the discussions of the practicability or otherwise of the enterprise that co-operation has been assumed as no uncertain factor in the problem. Seeing, therefore, that the publishers are well and faithfully performing their part of the work, it would seem that they are entitled to expect the hearty concurrence and co-operation of those upon whom they are compelled to depend for the success of their efforts.

It is quite possible, however, that the question may arise in some minds, whether, indeed, it was for the best that the Church should engage in the business of issuing a monthly magazine for general reading. That doubt was expressed on the floor of the General Conference, when the subject was under discussion and probably it has found a place with some as good and wise persons and as loyal as any in the Church; and though we do not entertain any doubt on the subject, we are willing to give it its full weight, though it is rather too

late to raise that question, after the work has been resolved upon and taken in hand. But we will waive any advantage from that consideration, and examine the subject simply upon its merits. To provide proper reading matter for its own people has been accepted by Methodism at all times as an integral part of its duty. Mr. Wesley began the work of publishing and circulating religious and general reading among his people at a very early period, and he continued the practice until the day of his death; and the work has been perpetuated among his followers in England to the present day. The same practice prevailed in this country from a very early day, and, accordingly, the "Book Concern" has always been a recognized and prominent feature of American Methodism. Beyond and above mere money-making, the purpose aimed at has been first and foremost to supply its own people with wholesome and valuable reading matter; and in order to do this it seems necessary that the matter shall be presented in such form as the public taste demands. And because the reading of the age is chiefly in the form of periodicals, the Church has given especial attention to these. No one can doubt that the weekly newspaper has been, and is, a great power in Methodism, but its range is necessarily a limited one. For a broader and more elevated kind of reading than can be given by the newspaper, the general public has learned to look to the monthly magazine, which form of literature has grown to giant proportions within the last half-century. And here, for some cause, Methodism, which in most other departments has been a pioneer and a leader, has not so well succeeded. The enterprise whose interests we are now considering aims to retrieve this failure.

It is not because there is any deficiency of reading matter in the country that Methodism engages in its production and dissemination; but rather because of the abundance of that which does not tend to Christian edification. The Church has all the more need to bestir itself to supply the mental appetite with that which shall at once inform the understanding and improve the heart. Our country is indeed abundantly supplied with monthlies, many of which are of a high literary order; but in respect to their religious tone and tendencies, they all of them fall very short of what should be required for the home reading of Christian

families. The least objectionable ones are simply secular in their character, wholly avoiding and ignoring every thing properly religious. Others of them engage in theological, or, rather, *theosophical*, discussions; but neither their theology nor their morality is that of the New Testament, nor is their Christianity, where that name is accepted, the religion that has come down to us from our Methodist ancestors. When we consider what is the character of the reading to which many of our Methodist families are accustomed, and which every-where falls in the way of our young converts, we may well be alarmed at the prospect of a coming generation of superficial thinkers in all matters of faith, and at the promise of a prevalent taste for the shallow and sensational in religion. One of our General Rules condemns "the reading of those books that do not tend to the knowledge and glory of God," and a rigid application of that rule would exclude a very large proportion of the popular magazines that now find their way into our Christian families, to form and fashion the mental and moral characters of our young people. Our ministers often have reason to mourn the want of effectiveness in their preaching and other religious ministrations, and also to confess the lack of depth and thoroughness in the religious life and experience of the Church members. The character of their reading will largely account for these deficiencies. And since it would be impossible, were it attempted, to hinder our people from reading, as well as quite undesirable, were it practicable, the only way of safety lies in giving them something to read that shall at once please and profit them.

We have plead with our brethren in the pastorate to come to our help, by promoting the circulation of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY,—we now propose to come to their help in a great emergency, by giving them that by which they may be able to save their people from the damaging influences of an anti-Christian literature. We are bold to say that, by reading our magazine, no young person will become alienated from the simplicity of the Gospel; for while it does not propose to do the work of the pulpit or the class-meeting, it steadily seeks to strengthen whatever is good and noble, and to fill the mind and heart with pure and elevated principles; and, in order

that we may render this service, we ask to be introduced into all the families of the Church. Our pastoral visits will then be both frequent and without partiality. But since, at the best, we can become only an *assistant pastor*, we must depend upon the pastor-in-chief for our introduction. Is it asking too much when we insist upon this? Would it be fair play practically to deny us so much?

We spoke of our work for this year as neither a success nor a failure. In our editorial work we have done what we could, and though very far from being satisfied with what has been accomplished, we are neither ashamed of the past, nor disheartened in respect to the future. Our work as to the perfection of literary journalism may appear quite defective; but not so if considered in relation to its facts and conditions. But we ask not only a further trial from those who have read the magazine the past year, to which, we think, we have earned a just claim, but also, and especially, we ask for the opportunity to be known by those who have not hitherto known us. Unless this shall be done, in a good degree, we shall feel that we have not had a fair trial. As a business enterprise, also, the first year of the renovated monthly has been partially, but not wholly successful. As compared with the preceding year,—the last of the magazine in its old form,—the increase in the circulation for the year now closing has been over fifty per cent; but an equal advance for the next year over the present will be necessary to place the magazine on a desirable financial basis. Enlargements in size, and improvements of various kinds, that are now recognized as highly desirable, must be deferred till the proceeds of the subscriptions shall be such as to justify a more liberal expenditure. The future growth and character of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY is very largely dependent upon its financial success; and to this every pastor may become a contributor. The feasibility of the work has been abundantly demonstrated by those who have gone about it in good earnest. A united and hearty effort, among even the greater part of our pastors, would at once place the magazine beyond all contingencies, and render possible, in the early future, all necessary improvements. May we not, in all confidence, anticipate such action?

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VOL. I. No. 1.

WHOLE NUMBER.

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NATIONAL Repository.

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GENERAL AND RELIGIOUS LITERATURE,
BIOGRAPHIES AND TRAVELS,
CRITICISMS AND ART.

JANUARY, 1877.

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M. H. HALL, CUB.



NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D., EDITOR.

JANUARY, 1877.

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CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS.

INDIVIDUALITY IN DRESS.

No woman of thorough good sense and taste ever adopts, absolutely, what may be called ultra-fashionable attire. She adapts the prevailing modes to peculiarities in herself. In this is the advantage of taking a reliable fashion magazine, such as *Andrew's Bazar*, which is published at Cincinnati, and contains the freshest and most accurate plates and descriptions in America. The lady reader has a chance to study those artistic modifications which are desirable. In addition to this, the magazine furnishes choice articles, as varied as those found in high-class periodicals. Among the contributors are Lucy H. Hooper, the brilliant Paris correspondent; Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Arden Holt, and others. Price only one dollar a year. Send ten cents to W. R. ANDREWS, Cincinnati, for specimen copy.

At the recent Caxton Exhibition, in the South Kensington Museum in London, mention of which was made in our October number, was shown the earliest book printed in the English language—the "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troy"—upon which William Caxton began his career as printer about 1474. The copy on exhibition is particularly interesting, as having once belonged to Elizabeth Woodville, Queen of Edward IV, and sister of Earl Rivers, Caxton's patron. It now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, having been bought by the late Duke at the sale of the Roxburg library, in 1812, for one thousand and ten guineas.

FREE! LEISURE HOURS.

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THE publishers of the Western Methodist Book Concern are about to bring out a "History of Methodism for our Young People," by William W. Bennett, D. D., of Richmond, Va. It is written in a picturesque style, and is a fitting supplement to Dr. Wise's "Story of a Wonderful Life," containing sketches of John Wesley and his earlier preachers, and the progress of the Methodist societies in England and America. Our young people have needed just such a summary of our history. While the pages of Dr. Stevens are fascinating to the adult readers of the Church, and Dr. Porter has condensed in goodly manner the chief facts of our history into a single volume, neither of these works is adapted to the Sunday-school libraries. We shall be pleased to see this volume go into all our Sunday-schools, and secure multitudes of readers among the scholars.

REMARKABLE OFFER.—Of all the peculiar gifts which this "Age of Premiums" has produced, the offer of Mr. M. T. Richardson, to give a Corset to every subscriber to *Idle Hours*, is perhaps the most striking. As he is giving away DR. WARNER'S CELEBRATED HEALTH CORSETS, no one need hesitate to send to him for fear of not getting their money's worth. See advertisement on another page.

HATS AND FURS.

J. R. TERRY, Hatter and Furrier, is now located at No. 866 Broadway, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, New York, and has constantly on hand a full assortment of Hats for Gentlemen, Ladies, and Children. Furs of every kind, and made to order. All goods of best quality and low prices.

AMONG the first comers of the holiday books is "The Bodleys Telling Stories" (a demi-quarto of 236 pages, thick paper, and finely illustrated), issued by Hurd & Houghton, New York; and Houghton & Co., Boston. The "Bodley" books of other seasons, and their kindred, by the same author, acquired some reputation in their day, upon which this one draws, for they are all named on the title-page; and yet we suspect that this one is quite equal to the best of them. The stories, though often quaint enough, are not of the lackadaisical sort often found in children's books, but sturdy and wholesome, good to read and to enjoy, and sometimes to laugh over. Get it for your boys and girls.

UNDER the title of "Ten Years of Early English," Mr. Arthur Gilman reviews in the October *Atlantic* the publications of the Early English Text Society. This Society was founded in England in 1864, but derives a large share of its support from our side of the water, and has for its aim to deepen the interest in the historical study of the English language. It now comprises upwards of five hundred members, has the services of the best of scholars in editing the texts it publishes, and expended over fifty thousand dollars in the first ten years of its existence, in issuing seventy-four volumes. Mr. Gilman classifies these as follows: Twenty-two are legends and moral and theological treatises; nineteen relate to history, politics, and social life; sixteen are romances; eight are descriptions of manners and customs; and the rest are divided between grammar and criticism, philosophy and science. All these curious and interesting reprints Mr. Gilman proceeds to describe in detail. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope appears in this number of the *Atlantic* with a paper which he calls "A Night in St. Peter's," but which is really an imaginative study of historic figures in the papal succession. There is also a lovely song by George L. Osgood, arranged to words by Mr. Lathrop.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE, containing the titles of over three thousand volumes, and embracing most of the leading works in Religion, Biography, History, Travels, and Fiction, sent on receipt of ten cents. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

BISHOP E. M. MARVIN, of the M. E. Church South, is now preparing a book about his late trip around the world, which will be published by Bryan, Brand & Co., of St. Louis, about the first of this month. It will contain five hundred or more octavo pages, illustrated with a steel portrait of the Bishop and a number of engravings. The Bishop's powers of description are good, and the book can not fail to be deeply interesting. But it will be of special interest to Christians of all denominations, as it will give an account of the condition, past and present, of the great missionary fields in heathen lands, with the probable future results. The Bishop was in India during the prevalence of the great famine, and his book will contain graphic descriptions of what he saw.

WINTER DAYS.

THE mill-wheel's frozen in the stream;
The church is decked with holly;
Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
To fright away melancholy;
Icicles clink in the milk-maid's pail;
Youngsters skate in the pool below;
Blackbirds perch on the garden rail;
And, hark, how the cold winds blow!

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
Here runs Dick to fetch a log;
You'd say his breath was the smoke of a pipe
In the frosty morning fog.
Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine;
Old and young cough as they go;
The round, red sun forgets to shine;
And, hark, how the cold winds blow!

WE ask the special attention of our readers to the prospectus of the publishers of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY on our last cover page. Our editorial plea they will find in the "*Ex Cathedra*" department of the number. By a little effort, the subscription list may be doubled. If neighbor will speak to neighbor, and readers to the non-readers of the Church, at the same time showing copies of the magazine as specimens of the work, it will not need a long argument to induce others to take it for themselves. Families need something better than the frivolous papers of the day—something more nourishing to the head and the heart than the daily political journals which deluge the State.

HAVE our readers seen "The Women of the Orient?" We propose in the next number to give a somewhat detailed account of its contents; but if any of them can spare two dollars, they will do well to send for the volume, and read it for themselves.

CICERO, in his "Tusculan Disputations," says of Timotheus, a famous and influential citizen of Athens, that, having supped with Plato, and being extremely delighted with his entertainment, he said to him on meeting him shortly after, "Your suppers are not only agreeable while I partake of them, but the next day also." No higher encomium could be passed upon a book than to remark upon it in the same spirit. Books that are enjoyed after they have been read have passed one of the supreme tests of excellence.

"THAT BOY: Who Shall have Him?" by Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M., which has been running through these pages, is about to be given to the public in book form, handsomely illustrated. It has received a thorough revision at the hands of the author, and will furnish first-class entertainment to those who have not yet read it, as well as revive pleasant memories to those who have. Get it, if you want to spend many a delightful half-hour of literary recreation.

ROBERTS BROS. have put lovers of sound reading under lasting obligations to them in publishing the series of "Landon's Imaginary Conversations," of which the fifth and concluding volume is now ready, containing "Miscellaneous Dialogues" (concluded) and a complete Index. The wide range of Landon's scholarship, the voluminousness of his writings, and the costly form in which they have hitherto been published, have tended to limit the circle of his readers and admirers. Now his

delightful conversations are within the reach of all, and we hope that many will avail themselves of this cheap and beautiful edition to make the acquaintance of one of the most enjoyable writers. The "Wisdom Series," of the same publishers, is enriched with a dainty little volume, containing "Selections from Epictetus," comprising one-fifth of the whole of his writings, and bringing together the most useful and striking passages in a form convenient for ready use. It is a very choice selection, and full of the riches of wisdom.

THE singular good fortune which, the past few months, has befallen books published anonymously, ought to cheer the hearts and stimulate the talents of young writers who have yet names to make. The feeling has been common that there is little hope for unknown authors in the paths of literature. The testimony of recent experience is that they may hope for the largest things, provided they have a story to tell and know how to tell it. It has been proved, if indeed it were ever doubted, that the fruit which the public will have is that which has the flavor they like, whether a high-sounding label is tied to it or none at all.

IN these days, when books and magazines abound, and are scattered like the "leaves of Vallambrosa" over all the land, what literary influence can be brought to foster Christian character and to develop Christian graces? A godless literature is not necessarily ungodly; but there is need of a specifically moral and religious tone in what is read to keep the feet from falling and the heart steady in its attachments to divine truth. It is not sentiment but principle that dominates the soul. This is best derived from the sacred Word, and next to that from a purely religious library, be it larger or smaller. Just such a library the Church has furnished. Get one of our Catalogues.

HENRY ROGERS, who died August 20th, in his seventy-first year, was best known by his work entitled "The Eclipse of Faith," written to combat the views of the Tractarians. This has passed through at least fourteen editions. His "Greyson Letters" are a delightful series of familiar discourses upon topics of common experience, ripe with wisdom and flavored with a delicate fancy.

EVER toward the Christmas holidays the book publishers show an increased activity in issuing works for the young; and our own house has provided a number of new books of this class, to which the attention of parents is called before making their purchases elsewhere for their children's holiday gifts. Nothing can be more suitable to the boys and girls than a nice book, inside and outside.

IN 1876, 52,000 printed works, 408 maps, and 140 manuscript works were added to the National Library of Paris. Included in the manuscripts was "a collection of 297 letters, written by Napoleon III to Hortense Cornu, between the 25th of August, 1820, and 10th of September, 1872. This imperial correspondence is presented by its recipient under the proviso that no portion of it be published previous to 1885, when it is to be entrusted to Prof. Renan, if he be then living."

HERR GRUNOW, of Leipzig, will publish this Winter a series of German translations of modern Italian novels and tales. Among the writers to be drawn from are Nievo, Barrili, De Amicis, Locatelli, and Enrico Gattinuovo.

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